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The Week

ONE more revelation has been added to the story of Teapot Dome and the Republican party. Harry F. Sinclair, the beneficiary of an oil lease which the United States Supreme Court has denounced as tainted with fraud, and has ordered cancelled, contributed $260,000 to the fund which was used to wipe out the deficit of the Harding campaign. Of this sum, $100,000 was afterward returned to him, leaving his net contribution $160,000. His entire gift was in Liberty Bonds; and of these, at least twenty-four thousand dollars' worth represented the "profits" of the Continental Trading Company, Ltd., part of which also went to the pockets of Secretary Fall. When Will Hays appeared before the Senate Committee in 1924, he asserted that Sinclair's total contribution was only $75,000. He now explains the discrepancy in his testimony by saying that four years ago he "was not asked about any bonds" and that the transaction with Sinclair had not at that time been completed. But as we have just said, Sinclair's entire contribution was in Liberty Bonds; and Mr. Hays' explanation of his failure to mention the other $85,000 is so flimsy that no reasonable person can accept it. Mr. Hays was hired in 1922 to be a respectable front for the movie industry. That fact is beginning to have a humorous connotation.

SINCLAIR'S "loan" of another $100,000 is open to as much criticism as his gift. It was kept secret; bonds which he furnished were distributed among various men who held them as security and advanced to Hays cash in equal amounts. Thus it was made to appear that several persons had given smaller donations instead of one man's giving a very large sum. The fact that part of Sinclair's money was finally returned to him does not alter the gross impropriety of this sort of transaction. If a rich man can give a huge sum to a party, secretly, and have it returned to him on the instalment plan after the election has been won, we might as well abandon all attempts at corrupt-practice laws and give up such actions as those taken against Smith and Vare.

WE FEEL it is high time that the respectable leaders of the Republican party should speak out and say whether or not they approve this sort of business. It has been often observed that from the time of the first revelations down to the present moment, practically no voice has been raised within the party repudiating the conduct of the Ohio Gang and its precious allies, Fall and Forbes. The Republican leaders, like the Republican press, first belittled the Wheeler and Walsh investigations, and when the facts of corruption were inescapably revealed, fell back on silence. They relied on the short memory of the voters, on continued general prosperity under a Republican regime as serving to justify anything and everything, and apparently also on a belief that moral standards are in general relaxed nowadays so that the public has come to believe that getting caught is the only sin. Such a course of conduct is perhaps not surprising in a hard-boiled professional politician; but it is not appropriate for men of character. What does Mr. Charles Evans Hughes, for instance, think of the

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latest revelations? And if he thinks of them what we feel he must, how can he, as a man of sensitive honor, afford to remain silent?

MR. KELLOGG'S latest note to M. Briand regarding the proposal for the outlawry of war registers a minor victory in the debate. If France could not sign a multilateral agreement against war, because of her commitments under the League and the Locarno treaties, Mr. Kellogg asks, how could she sign such an agreement with the United States alone? What theoretical objection exists to a multilateral treaty which does not apply with equal force to a bilateral one? Mr. Kellogg goes on to argue that in fact the League covenant is not incompatible with a general agreement outlawing not merely aggressive war but all resort to arms. Senator Borah, who is stoutly supporting the Kellogg proposal, comes to his aid by pointing out that Great Britain notified the League's security sub-committee of her intention to use her own judgment as to what sanctions or penalties she would invoke against an aggressor nation. He holds, therefore, that a League member can exercise its own right of choice, even as to whether it will participate in a League war, and that the Kellogg proposal is in harmony with the covenant. If M. Briand could abandon the language of diplomacy, he might reply that he would be willing to sign an anti-war treaty with the United States alone, since France has no expectation of wanting to fight America; whereas there is no such assurance in regard to some of the other nations on Mr. Kellogg's list. Such frankness, however, is not permitted to the statesman. M. Briand, we are told, will next ask for a complete text of such a multilateral treaty as Mr. Kellogg proposes; will perhaps politely raise the question whether the Senate is likely to ratify; and will thus keep the debate dragging on for the longest possible time.

ONCE again a crisis in the affairs of the League of Nations has been settled behind the scenes, by the private interposition of a few of the great powers. Hungary, on whose soil five carloads of machine guns were found, defied the League when, at the inspiration of France and the Little Entente, the Geneva organization demanded an investigation. Italy, from which the machine guns came, was at first in a truculent mood and inclined to side with Hungary in saying that the matter was none of the League's business. Germany, which in the past has been forced to play somewhat the role in which Hungary now finds herself, was in no mood to back up the French demands. The final decision was, therefore, Great Britain's; and despite the sentimental interest in Hungary which London has often displayed, an interest which one hopes has no relationship to the brutal and tyrannical character of the Hungarian government, the Baldwin government went with the League. Sir Austen Chamberlain visited the Italian delegation in Geneva; and magically the opposition to a League inquiry, on the part of Italy, melted away. A situation of the greatest potential danger has been eased off, for the present. But the factors making for strain still exist, and we may be sure it will recur.

THE candidacy of Senator Walsh of Montana for the Democratic nomination is a tactical expedient which the opponents of Governor Smith have adopted in order to check his success in recruiting delegates in the dry states of the Far West. It may succeed in preventing fifty or seventy-five delegates from being instructed in favor of the New Yorker, and it may, consequently, somewhat weaken Governor Smith's position when he has to negotiate his final bargain with the Southern delegations whose consent is necessary to his nomination. But the Senator from Montana cannot at present be considered a serious candidate. The Democratic party might have done well to nominate him in order to break the deadlock in 1924. As a dry Catholic Democratic progressive, he occupied a strong position at that time, but at present his advantages as a candidate over Governor Smith are unimportant and his disadvantages are all-important. By nominating him, the Democratic party would forego its chance of carrying any of the eastern or middle-western industrial states. If it is going to take the risk of nominating a Catholic, it must obviously nominate the Catholic candidate who is strong in those neighborhoods in which Catholicism is strong. Walsh might carry some western states which Smith could not, but he would not be popular in the border states, and he would not have a chance in Maryland, New Jersey and New York.

NEWSPAPER editors could almost keep standing the matter describing senatorial investigations of coal strikes—they would have occasion to use it every three or four years. This investigation reveals the same old heart-rending story of courts and police and deputies and sheriffs helping employers to break the strike, of eviction, freezing and starvation, of intolerant industrial autocrats ruling over their properties and their labor like so many absolute monarchs, of violence charged and counter-charged. The most discouraging aspect of the whole struggle is that, justified as the miners are, and necessary as it is that they should win what they are fighting for, a victory for them in this terrible warfare would not prevent its all happening again, or make their lot very much happier while they were at work. They are in a slough of despond from which neither their own national leaders, nor government agencies, nor industrial authorities take any effective measures to extricate them. It is sometimes said that, unjust as capitalism may be, at least it "works." No conceivable economic order could show less signs of "working" than the present one, in respect of the coal industry. When will those in power be ready to abandon their outworn dogmas

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in an effort to introduce some decency and order into the organization and management of bituminous coal? One of the worst aspects of the Harding-Coolidge-Hoover economic administration is that in this matter it has not taken the first steps even to effectuate the extremely moderate reforms recommended by its own Coal Commission.

REPRESENTATIVE Davenport of New York is attempting to amend the Boulder Dam bill in a highly desirable direction. At present the bill leaves the government the alternative of either building and operating the proposed electric plant, or leasing to private interests the right to do so. Mr. Davenport would make government operation mandatory. This is highly desirable, since the government ought to retain an important plant of this kind as a check on the private power interests, and as an experiment station on the basis of which comparative results could be assessed. We hope that Congress will pass the bill with this amendment, though we fear it will not. The private power interests, it should be remembered, are against the bill even as it stands, simply because it permits the government a chance of operating the plant. They would prefer a defeat of the bill to its passage without mandatory leasing. The Secretary of the Interior, however, stands by the optional proposal because, even though he is not an advocate of government operation, he sees that the possibility must be left open to protect the government's investment, in case a sufficient bid from a private company should not be received. A passage of the bill including the optional clause would, under the circumstances, be a defeat for the private power interests. It would not insure government operation, but it would protect the government against the stealing of the income from its property which a mandatory leasing clause would encourage. Whether it is worth while for the supporters of Mr. Davenport's amendment to vote against the bill if that amendment cannot be passed is, therefore, an open question. Perhaps it would be better to have no Boulder Dam legislation now, on the chance that a future Congress would favor government operation, but that chance is distinctly a gamble.

ARTICLE I of the United States Constitution says that the apportionment of seats in the House of Representatives shall be revised every ten years on a basis of population; and this injunction has always been carried out until the present decade. But since 1910 some western states have been growing rapidly, and a reapportionment which kept the House at its present limit of 435 members would mean that the delegations from some of the older eastern states would be reduced. A group of such states has acted in combination ever since 1920 to defy the constitutional provision and to prevent reapportionment on a basis of the census of that year. The scandal of such illegal action having at last become too obvious to be ignored, the Census Committee has just reported a bill dealing with the matter. The measure, as drawn, would leave matters as they are until the census of 1930. As soon as possible thereafter, the Secretary of Commerce would transmit to the House a statement of the population of each state; and after one Representative had been arbitrarily assigned to every commonwealth, the remaining number up to the present total of 435 would be distributed among the states according to population. If Congress should fail, after receiving this report, to enact a reapportionment bill of its own in the ensuing session, the allotments of seats made tentatively by the Secretary of Commerce would become the law, and be the basis of the election of 1932. This proposal does not rectify the illegal action of the House; but it prevents any similar episode in the future; the basis of apportionment is fair and non-political, and it seems on the whole as good a compromise as we have any right to expect.

THE constitution of Haiti has recently been modified by the adoption of an important series of amendments, a fact which has gone almost unnoted in the American press. These amendments greatly increase the arbitrary power of the Haitian president. One of them modifies the freedom of the press, which has heretofore been guaranteed, by making it subject to whatever degree of restriction may be imposed on it "by law." Another abolishes the right of jury trial for political offenders and editors. A third gives the president the right to remove from the bench any or every judge in Haiti during the next twelve months. Thereafter, Supreme Court Justices are to serve for only ten years instead of life, as heretofore, and other judges are to serve for only seven years. Everyone who is familiar with Latin-American conditions—or for that matter, conditions anywhere else—knows that these amendments constitute a long step away from democratic government and toward dictatorship.

FOR these changes, the United States bears a heavy load of responsibility. We are still occupying Haiti as we have done for the past twelve years. The government is so completely supported by the bayonets of our Marines that, if we were to withdraw, President Borno probably could not remain in office for a single day. The constitution was itself written by Americans, and adopted at a farcical election which went practically 100 percent our way, despite the certainty that many Haitians were strongly opposed. No national legislature has since then been permitted to assemble. The country is ruled by the president and his excessively hand-picked Council of State, who do what the Occupation wants to have done, no more and no less. We are as completely responsible for the new amendments to the constitution as though they had been proposed and adopted by our own Congress.

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IT HARDLY needs to be pointed out that what has just been done in Haiti completely contradicts the chief defense which is offered for our continuing to occupy that country. The explanation most often given is that we are seeking to bring Haiti up to a proper level of democratic self-government, after which we shall leave. Mr. Coolidge said this, without mentioning Haiti by name, in his speech at the first session of the Pan-American Conference. Mr. Hughes said it in regard to Haiti specifically in his speech before the Havana Chamber of Commerce. It has been said many other times. Yet twelve years of such effort on our part seem to have had so little success that we are now obliged to approve a series of Mussolinian alterations in the fundamental law of Haiti. Either we need a new explanation of our policy, or the policy itself should be revised in the light of existing facts.

Non-Stop Inquiry

PEOPLE who are interested in adult education may find food for thought in the account which Professor Sheffield gives elsewhere in this issue of the experiment known as the "Inquiry." The word Inquiry is an abbreviated name for a small group who started soon after the War an "Inquiry into the Christian Way of Life." The ignoble role of the Christian Churches during the War troubled the several members of this group. They shuddered for the future of a civilization which was apparently so completely captivated by unruly self-deceptive economic and political activities. Remembering the authoritative part which religion is supposed to play in life, they proposed to inquire whether Jesus Christ did not exemplify a religious truth which, if people lived by it, might not safeguard modern society against such catastrophic conflicts. Some of them would have liked to distinguish an accepted Christian principle, the affirmation of which would emancipate the individual and society from the contradictions of a secular civilization. But how could they? If the great majority of regular Christians could regard without compunction the war record of the Christian Churches, it was absurd to seek in conventional Christianity any deliverance from bondage to economic and militarist obsessions. Instead, consequently, of proposing a new Christian endeavor society, they began to inquire why the majority of Christians no longer conceived Christianity to be a body of truth which enabled them to comprehend and overcome the conflicts of secular life. An Inquiry they have ever since remained.

The business of an Inquiry is to ask questions, but questions are of many kinds, and the kinds of questions which the inquirer asks are determined by the kind of answers which he expects to get. This particular group of inquirers soon abandoned the hope, if any had entertained it, of obtaining satisfactory answers to their inquiries in pious discourse. Many of the denominational Churches had already formulated the Christian way of life in ethical or social programs and creeds, but such alleged Christian formulas, while they might animate individual Christians to take up arms against expressions of class or national pugnacity, were either too ambiguous or too specific and exclusive in their application to command positive authority. They remained arbitrary and occasional expressions of opinion. The Inquiry, consequently, ruled out the programmatic formulation of the Christian life, and searched in other directions for light upon their problem. It was a grim and puzzling quandary in which thereafter they found themselves. How could they give reality to Christianity by asking questions, when they had abandoned the idea of giving reality to Christianity by answering them with verbal affirmations? In that case there seemed to be only one other route to try. They might see what they could make out of life by accepting it and by piously exploring its possibilities. It might be found that human life itself, instead of being a degenerate business which needed to have Christianity imposed upon it, would, if lived warily, inquisitively and loyally, imply a religious or even a Christian fulfillment.

According to Professor Sheffield, the group, given its skeptical attitude towards principles as fountains of authority, "almost inevitably" sought a way out of their difficulties "by a fresh concern with method." Inevitable their concern with method may have been, but what is more important, it was revolutionary. The other methods of propagating Christian truth to which Professor Sheffield refers —evangelism and crusading—implied the existence of an explicit recognizable authoritative Christianity to which pagans and sinners should be converted. The Inquiry did not explicitly consider these methods and reject them. Being an honest Inquiry rather than a missionary body, it simply outgrew them. The alternative route of methodical inquiry without the authoritative affirmation of principles was not only contradictory of dogmatic denominational Christianity, but of the conception which explained so much of the welfare work of the Churches—the conception of the practical Christian as a spiritual engineer who was building according to program, but in part by experimental means, a Christian society. The Inquiry behaved as if it could wring from an objectively questioned and observed experience of life an impulse towards fulfillment which it could not derive from an experience deliberately subordinated to preconceived patterns. Its members were warriors who started out to reform an unregenerate world with their swords twisted into the unheroic and quizzical form of question marks.

In turning to method rather than to principles as the trustworthy approach to salutary truth, the Inquiry was following in the footsteps of a peculiarly modern school of social psychologists and philos-

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ophers. It began to cultivate, in Professor Sheffield's words, "an art of group dialogue by which people can deal with their difficulties in ways that are mutually revealing and creative." "Until recently students of human nature were little disposed to expect the finer fruits of thought to be achievable by people thinking in concert." But the interdependence of men in modern life has complicated the situation, and at present certain important values "require the uniting sensitivities and purposes in order not just to be known but to come into being." "It is in situations of tension—where values are at hazard—that new values get their first due attention." What a man needs in order to deal with such situations is "an experience not so much of retreat as of concerted rumination that taps new sources of spiritual energy and vision. Such an experience can be won from group discussion. Here the impulses that seek adjustment make their appearance in a social rehearsal out of which each party to the changing situation finds its clues as a new life pattern—a pattern that gives effective direction to his purpose and reintegrates his personality."

According to this interpretation, group discussion may cease to be merely a method of ventilating social conflicts. It becomes a method of liberating human beings from the limitations of their interests, their education and their experience. In order to act formatively on individual life, it should be carried on by a technique of its own which would distinguish it from ordinary uninformed discussion, but when so carried on, it will become educational in the highest sense. In fact, a man cannot honestly and intelligently participate in group thinking without doing something to himself corresponding to what ardent Christians have always longed to do for themselves—that is, to purge and purify their own spirits from the insidious infections of selfish illusion. The object of group discussion, as so understood, is not so much an agreement among the members of the group, even if the agreement had the value of a genuine reconciliation rather than a compromise, as a kind of catharsis which helps the disputant to release and sublimate for educational ends the emotions which ordinarily would be wasted in disputation and pugnacity.

One may agree with Professor Sheffield but ask for something more. There can be no doubt about the efficacy of group discussion, not only as a specific agency in forming communities out of economic or territorial groups, but as a possible agency of liberating creative impulses in human beings. The groups which have most to gain from calling in a discussion technique are not forums or other merely talking bodies. They are groups which need to reach important decisions. It is the necessity of reaching the decisions which gives reality to the discussions, and it is the effort to make these decisions the product of concerted thinking which tends not only to objectify conscious activity of the individual members of the group but to convert the emotional tension of conflict, whenever it may emerge, into loyalty to the common purpose and ardor for the common interest. In fact, group discussion, methodized as the Inquiry proposes, and introduced into the boards of directors of all social activities, forms the unique and indispensable educational process of a social democracy. Nevertheless, Professor Sheffield and the Inquiry, as it seems to us, exaggerate the importance. It is invaluable as an instrument of political and social education. But what the Inquiry sought was a method of religious education, and group discussion or thinking in concert is, as we see it, of inferior importance as a means of awakening individuals to the undeveloped possibilities of their personal lives.

The Inquiry jumped too quickly to the conclusion that in the carrying on of its appointed task it needed only to concern itself with the cross-questioning of social conflicts. Traditional Christianity has, indeed, since the end of the religious wars, either shirked social and political responsibilities or bungled them, and if the truth in Christianity were to be synthesized with life, it needed to be vindicated by an essential inquisitive and undictatorial social method. But this traditional Christianity deserved quite as much cross-questioning about the guidance which it imposed on the individual in his search for personal salvation as about the guidance which it has at times tried to impose on the individual as a citizen. If the Christian Churches had, since they accepted subordination to the State, played an ignoble role in society, their political subservience must surely have been due to the incompetence with which they performed their essential job, which is that of providing for the self-possession and the regeneration of the individual soul. They never interpreted self-purification as an art and studied it as such. During recent centuries in which the prevailing conception of human nature had altered profoundly in the direction associating it with animal life on this planet, they continued to conceive the soul as a substance rather than a modifiable activity, and human salvation as a miraculous and other-worldly consummation. The Inquiry discarded these traditional methods of Christianizing social and political life; but it did not stop to criticize them as methods for the regeneration of individual life, nor did it consider how far group discussion in this area was any adequate substitute for them.

There is no evidence, so far as we know, that group discussion or any analogue to it in the life of a religious fellowship is adequate to liberate the individual from the bondage which is imposed on him by the impurities of his own heart or by his habitual dissipation of his vital energy. The tensions of domestic, sexual and personal life are the most fertile of all causes of human inertia and impotence. As long as the authority of its old dogmatism remained unimpaired, the Christian religion

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helped many of the faithful, if not to overcome these conflicts, at least to deal valiantly with them. The evangelical and crusading methods, protected as they were by a conviction of doctrinal certitude, have at times succeeded in concentrating individual energy and attention upon the Christian aspiration for redemption. But if the doctrinal certitude has passed, traditional Christianity can no longer count upon stimulating or commanding the emotional life of the individual to do its bidding. The Inquiry, in the account which Professor Sheffield gives of its proceedings, overlooked the importance of seeking a method whereby Christians can explore and integrate that vast and profound region of individual feeling and effort which group discussion can only superficially affect. The essential question for the Inquiry to ask is how can it awaken in its inquisitive children spiritual drive, energy, initiative and devotion? The motive forces of human nature are joy, depression, anger, fear, hatred, passion, self-assertion, pugnacity, curiosity and love. How does the Inquiry, rejecting as it does evangelism and crusading, propose to neutralize and redeem these negative emotions or recruit to its service these positive emotions? In the past the sound of the master's voice has aroused them from their animal sleep, but those to whom the master's voice has become mechanical are in need of some call to service, to arms or to self-dedication which they cannot obtain from systematic group discussion of social conflicts, even when it is militant, disinterested and concerted.

From the point of view of militant inquiry into the possibility of a new religious synthesis, the dilemma is serious, and its opponents will consider it fatal, but if it is fatal, the only way to prove its fatality is to act upon it. Thorough-going inquiry is as disastrous to the dogma of an ultimate contradiction between life and truth as it is to the dogmas of a preëstablished harmony between life and truth. In the meanwhile, animal life remains, and the animal life which does remain can purge itself by skepticism of many conventional errors which have in the past prevented the human animal from acquiring self-knowledge. Skepticism ceases to be merely an exercise and becomes a life when it recognizes its own limits and voluntarily accepts those affirmations which are essential to animal survival. It is the primary business of a skeptical intelligence which rejects all authority as delusive except that of life in action, to fasten its attention and concentrate its effort on the observation of the behavior of the animal body which it inhabits. Such methodical observation of the facts of bodily behavior is the only possible equivalent in the conscious life of the individual for the discipline in being objective which group discussion may give to opinions about public activities. Those who have tried it find reason to believe that the effort which is required by self-observation of this kind may enable the individual to convert the emotional tensions of his personal life into sources of spiritual initiative and energy.

British Liberals Abandon Laissez-Faire

NOT since the Nottingham program of the British Labor party has a document so well considered and comprehensive, setting forth measures to reshape the economic institutions of an entire nation, come from a responsible political body, as "Britain's Industrial Future"—the report of the Industrial Inquiry Committee of the Liberal party. Eighteen months of intensive study have been devoted to this task by such men as John Maynard Keynes, W. T. Layton, editor of the Economist, H. D. Henderson, editor of the Nation, Ramsay Muir, the historian and political scientist, and B. S. Rowntree, the well known manufacturer. The fact that party leaders like Lloyd George, Sir Herbert Samuel and Sir John Simon also assume responsibility for the report makes it of weight in politics.

The tendency of this 500-page document is well summed up in the Manchester Guardian's comment that "the Committee have attempted to apply the principles of 'rationalization' for separate industries to industry as a whole, to infuse into a mainly haphazard economic growth measures of control and coördination, and to make it possible that as a nation we shall be better able to direct and master our economic destiny." Such a statement, by the most prominent Liberal organ, concerning a Liberal program, indicates how completely the influential Liberals of England, economists and politicians alike, have turned their backs on *laissez-faire*. This fact lends the program a first-rate theoretical importance. It also gives the issuance of the report great meaning in the contemporary political scene, since the recommendations are of such a nature that the Labor party may well accept the collaboration of the Liberals on many of these "next steps," laying aside for the moment, as the report recommends, any argument over such vague terms as "socialism vs. individualism." Finally, the report makes stimulating reading for Americans, for, although based on British needs and conditions, its generalizations are strikingly harmonious with much of the thought in this country which is stretching out toward social control of economic institutions. We shall therefore briefly summarize its outstanding conclusions.

The troubles of British industry are partly due to disturbed world conditions, which require a policy of pacification, but still more to the impediment of outworn psychological attitudes at home, which cling to practices not well adapted to meet new requirements. The best possible development of home resources is the keynote of the recommendations.

The main task is the better organization of business. This may require, in some instances, the taking over by public authority of important enterprises that are not well adapted to private ownership, through lack of profit or through the danger

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of monopoly. But of still greater importance for the moment is improvement in the management of those immense undertakings already in the hands of the State. This is to be accomplished by intrusting them to separate companies formed for the several functions in question, of which the government shall own the stock, and whose directors the government shall appoint, with a view to technical proficiency rather than to the representation of interests. Even civil service standards may be applied to such directors. (Compare the corporation advocated by Governor Smith to develop New York State water power.)

More ambitious are the plans for controlling privately owned companies. Here the two main objectives are, first, to recognize the situation created by the growth of business units to such a size that their small stock-holders can no longer govern them, and, second, to check the exploitative power of monopoly over consumers, while retaining the efficiency of large-scale operation. American readers of Professor William Z. Ripley are familiar with the first idea, while the second is at least as old as the original and lamented Progressive party. Thorough publicity of accounts for all businesses is the basis of the remedies proposed in both cases. On this may be built a legal fixing of the responsibility of directors, perhaps forbidding them to deal in the stocks of their own concerns or otherwise utilize for personal profit any secrets they may know. Supervisory councils representing stockholders, and perhaps employees, would furnish further protection, if combined with independent auditing. In the case of companies controlling 50 percent or more of their respective markets, government supervision of accounts and practices would be installed. If abuses were found, regulation under the Board of Trade would be instituted. Full publicity would be required of trade associations covering 50 percent of their industries. And since the beneficial nature of legitimate trade-association activities is recognized, they might be given legal power to enforce their decisions upon all firms in their respective fields. All this looks in the direction, not of preventing or breaking up monopoly, but of substituting sound public regulation for the vanishing checks of competition.

The report then goes on to the still more fundamental task of hammering out an integrated economic policy for industry as a whole. The first point of attack is a more fruitful use of the national savings. Direction of the flow of new capital is, indeed, the key to any such policy. In general, the Liberals believe that the national savings, which they estimate amount to about £500,000,000 annually, should be used less for investment abroad, and more for improving and extending transport, public utilities, industries, housing and agricultural equipment at home. The government could much influence the use of these funds by creating a Board of National Savings, which would handle the pooled resources of all the government departments, and direct the capital expenditures of the government, both with a view to routing them into the most needed channels, and with a view to stabilizing industry and decreasing unemployment. In addition to controlling the revenues derived from taxation, the Board could of course tap private savings by issuing bonds, especially those of small denomination which might be sold to small investors, perhaps even on the instalment plan. The Bank of England would be coördinated with this program by being required to use its great influence on credit for the stabilization of trade conditions. As a further aid to more intelligent use of public funds, the Committee strongly recommends a revision of the national accounts along the lines already practised by private business, so that there would be a capital account separate from the account of income and current expenditure, and the real savings—or losses—of government operations be clearly known.

Still more striking is the proposal for an Economic General Staff, working in close touch with the Prime Minister and the Cabinet. It would be the function of this body to coördinate and complete the existing economic statistics, to study current economic problems, to call attention to important tendencies and changes in conditions either at home or abroad, and to recommend plans for solving fundamental difficulties such as the lack of stability in trade conditions, and unemployment. This body would have no mandatory powers—but neither has the analogous Russian "Gosplan." A board of this sort must be the very soul and center of an integrated economic policy, and its power would inevitably grow as the attempt to create a policy became more serious. It is urged that the Census of Production, instead of being taken periodically, be made continuous. One of the chief functions of such a board would naturally be the stimulation of greater efficiency by measures not limited to the single establishment, but applicable to whole trades and industries. In short, it would be a sort of glorified Department of Commerce, as the Department of Commerce might have become if Herbert Hoover had possessed all the vision and economic genius which have been attributed to him.

The next section devises the improvement of industrial relations, mainly by working more closely into the fabric of industry, as completely functioning bodies, the existing organizations of labor, and calling in the aid of qualified and neutral technicians. Industrial unrest is caused, the Committee believes, by the dissatisfaction of the workers, first, with being regarded as mere inert tools of production, and second, with the existing methods and results of the distribution of wealth. By way of improving the machinery of industrial relationship, the report calls for the firmer establishment in the law of trade unions and employers' associations, the strengthening of the existing joint industrial councils in the separate industries, the creation of a national

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Council of Industry, with representatives from labor and employers, and neutral members appointed by the government, the compulsory establishment of works councils in separate plants, the fuller extension of the Trade Boards to control wages in weakly organized industries. For the better operation of such institutions, the report recommends again full knowledge and publicity of financial accounts, the ascertainment, with the aid of technical experts, of what measures are just, practicable and advantageous to industry, and a general policy of coöperation between organized labor and industrial management. The Committee believes in the economy of high wages, and recommends their greatest possible increase consistent with the state of productive efficiency. It would have minimum wages established by the several industries, with investigation of the desirability of family allowances, standard rates for the several occupations, and additional remuneration dependent on the prosperity of the concern. For essential public services it recommends, not compulsory arbitration, but compulsory and thorough negotiation, and compulsory impartial inquiry before a strike may be called.

Much wider diffusion of ownership is thought highly important. In addition to some of the measures in furtherance of this end familiar to the United States, there is an almost revolutionary but apparently practical suggestion. The Committee calls attention to the fact that much of the new capital saving arises from the building up of business surpluses out of profits, after paying reasonable dividends. These surpluses, it argues, though they ordinarily are considered the property of the stock-holders, really are the product of the work of everyone concerned. Part of them might well be distributed as capital allotments to the wage-earners, instead of as stock dividends to the shareholders—as is now the common practice. The Liberals also favor drastic inheritance taxation as a means of distributing ownership.

Unemployment relief would be handled, first by confining the operation of the unemployment-insurance plan to "normal"—that is, seasonal and cyclical fluctuations normally to be expected—and second, by transferring the burden of the abnormally unemployed entirely from the local authorities to the national government. The latter type of unemployment would be diminished by the carrying out of a program of national development—obviously through the instrumentality of the National Savings Board and the Economic General Staff. This program would include the promotion of national efficiency by the construction of better motor roads, housing, slum clearance, garden cities, electric power facilities, waterways, docks and harbors, and the development of agriculture by a scientific land policy and reclamation.

The program for the coal industry provides for the nationalization of the coal deposits and royalties, the amalgamation of operations for greater efficiency, the fixing of national minimum wages so as to exclude the higher-cost workings, and the liquidation of the surplus labor supply by a cessation of new hiring, the pensioning of the superannuated, and the transfer of the able-bodied unemployed to other occupations through proper trade education and the program of national development.

On economy and taxation the program is particularly suggestive to Americans. Governmental economy consists, not in cutting down needed social and economic activities, but in reducing the waste involved in excessive expenditures for national defense. The income and inheritance taxes are, on the whole, the most scientific forms of taxation existent, and should, if anything, be made to bear a larger proportion of the governmental burden rather than a smaller one. A great aid to national efficiency, however, would arise from reducing the local real-property taxes on business, housing and productive agricultural land. These are unscientifically levied and would be difficult to reform. Thus is buttressed the suggestions for removing many functions from local to national authorities, and for national aid in local undertakings.

What a relief such a program offers from the improvised, inconsistent, and prejudice-catching party platforms to which we are accustomed! It is, indeed, difficult to carry across to the average voter's understanding, and is as far as possible from the practical politics to which we are accustomed. But as a leaven in the national life of England it may in the long run have an astonishing result. And it is a shrewd performance for a minority party which has no chance of attaining an uncontested majority for years to come, but makes up in capable leadership for what it lacks in votes. If anything can help to reinstate the Liberals in British politics, this sort of thing should do it. If only the degenerate Democratic party in this country could produce something as good, it would become indispensable, and would lay the basis for a possible future vitality which is not now in evidence.

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Thinking in Concert[1]

AS AN agency of education the "Inquiry" is somewhat elusive when one tries to place it in any family tree of enterprises. It was set afoot in 1922 as a sort of free-lance service maintained by the coöperation of progressive leaders in a number of organizations—especially those with programs for influencing opinion in the field of industrial, racial, and international relations. And it has developed, without consolidating any membership group of its own, into a clearing house and meeting ground for people in many groups, both religious and secular, who are studying how to make their relationships and activities yield vitally educative experiences.

Like the earlier movement, "Copec," in Great Britain, the "Inquiry" took its rise in a widespread feeling among church liberals that the War had left Christendom a waste land of discredited social sanctions. Specifically, it was felt that in the organized inter-group dealings between employer and worker, between racial factions, and between nations, the moral activities of men had become almost depersonalized and intractable to spiritual controls. In America, at least, the existing agencies for enlightened dealing between man and man seemed bankrupt, as the land was swept by crude gusts of labor-baiting, race intolerance, and national self-will.

Almost inevitably such a situation turned earnest minds to a fresh concern with *method*—with the processes of thought and emotion by which standards of right dealing are formed and made socially effective. The existing techniques for these ends were two: what might be called the "evangelical" and the "crusading" techniques. The "evangelical" technique is the way of the Church with the sinner. It seeks to redeem social dealings by redeeming the dealer. And it expects to find the "real self" of the dealer, not in his workaday relations in shop, office, and committee-room, but in episodes of spiritual retreat—in religious gatherings, or in confessional privacies. Here can be wrought certain "changes of heart" such that the man will go back into the stream of affairs and put things to rights because he has himself been "set right." The other recognized technique, what we have called the "crusading" technique, is the way of a reform band with an abuse. It seeks to bring about a "square deal" by exposing the crooked deal and summoning public opinion to exercise legislative and other pressures by which the crooked shall be made straight.

The sponsors of the first Inquiry experiments were men and women who in church fellowships and liberal leagues were familiar with both techniques, but had growing doubts as to their efficacy in the complex situations of today. Take almost any disturbed labor situation. In one such, where the issue was the "recognition" of a trade union, the evangelical approach had seemed especially promising, since both the employer and the union leader were devout churchmen, with hearts quite impeccably "right" on the principle of brotherly love. Yet in the specific circumstances they both invoked the principle to justify quite opposite attitudes toward the union. "I expect to recognize my *men* as brothers," said the employer, "but what is a union that I should feel brotherly toward that? It is an organization for bargaining power—power to force me to pay out more in wages than I may deem fair to the stock-holders. Its very purpose denies brotherhood at the start." Said the labor leader: "If brotherhood means anything, it means an equal dependence of fellow men on each other, so that they give and take on the basis of mutual and free accord. Without the trade union the worker has no equal basis for give and take. He can only *petition* for the terms of his work, and one who petitions is not a brother, but a subject." The parties to modern industry, one must gather, require more than individual good will and rightness of heart to work out their socially fruitful relations.

Two special limitations of the evangelical approach appeared in a variety of situations. One was that it isolates the redemptive experience from the situation to be redeemed. It withdraws the person from the web-work of relationships wherein he and others must find personal revaluations in a process of social adjustments, and seeks for the "soul" thus captured under a bell-glass an emotional boost that is expected to reassert itself later as a reinforcement to effort in problems framed by conspiring circumstances. Such an approach runs counter to present-day views as to the place of emotion in the process by which ideals are realized. As an educator recently declared: "Any experience that over-stimulates or draws forth emotion out of relation to the circumstances in which it ought to be operative is a hindrance to the acquiring of habits that make for growth." The other limitation of evangelicism is its attitude toward groups—committees, boards, conferences, and other organizations—as merely "machinery." Seeing all social problems in terms of personal character and conduct, it belittles these agencies of cooperative counsel and action. The more constructive view has been well stated by J. A. Hobson in his "Conditions of Industrial Peace":

[1] An explanation of what the "Inquiry" is will be found in an editorial elsewhere in this issue.

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> The term "machinery," though sometimes convenient, is a dangerous misnomer for expressing these organs of coöperation. Improperly constituted, or abused, they may, indeed, harden into the similitude of machines. But rightly formed and employed, they are not "machines," or even "organs," but modes of spiritual coöperation, exceeding far in their freedom and creative energy any of these lower instruments. The distinction here is of vital importance. Machines do not educate, they only evoke a forced conformity to fixed mechanical conditions: organs in their form and capacities respond but slowly and with difficulty to the needs of their constituent cells. But a legislature, a committee, a corporation, if it is really inspired by a common will, idea or purpose, continually affects its individual members and makers, and reciprocally is affected by them. Thus the habit of working together in some regularly constituted body acquires, by this interaction of whole and parts, an accumulative rate of progress: it works better, because the intelligence and will of its individual members improve, and these in their turn improve, because the committee, tribunal, commission, works better.

The "crusading" approach, too, in spite of its heroic tradition of prophets and reformers, was felt by "Inquiry-minded" students to be failing us today. Essentially militant in its spirit—for it seeks to muster coercive majorities to make the good cause "win"—its technique is mainly expressive of a faith in setting people right just by telling them things. In contrast, a newer technique of promotion is emphasizing the part of the learner's *participation* in the shaping of his beliefs. A political opinion that has been shaped by sales talk in the minds of more or less passive hearers is shallow and fitful. "Things that have been put over," says E. C. Lindeman, "don't stay put." Opinion-forming groups, therefore, are likely to give increasing thought to methods that are consistent with the idea of "social process." They realize that even with the best of causes something has gone amiss when its proponents seem to have put themselves outside the process by which conflict is made creative—as in certain pacifist groups whose fixed ideals cry down from a blue empyrean.

Thus by default of the traditionary techniques the leaders in Inquiry projects have turned to an educational technique addressed to the motivations and forces that spring into being or take direction from group experience. They accept the growing change of basis in modern life from individual to organized activities, and seek ways by which people in group relations shall become learners from life, out of the mutual stimulus and enhancement of shared purposes and pooled resources. This, in so far as it views the activities of conferences, committees, boards, and clubs as the objects of educational experiment, is the Inquiry point of view toward group experience. There is consequently little effort on the part of "Inquirers" to set up special groups for their projects. Projects come made to their hands in situations that are faced by established groups in the course of their practical responsibilities. The board of a Christian Association facing the question of admitting young Negroes to building privileges, a club of Jewish students discussing campus discriminations, a joint committee of management and men handling a wage issue through an employee-representation plan, an executive board of a trade union with an organizing program, a joint council of social workers dealing with interagency relations, a community conference dealing with a free-speech issue in the schools—all of these offer the first educative requisite, in that they begin where people are, with their own interests so stirred as to dispose them to effortful thinking, and can meet the second requisite—an outreach for new facts and richer values—if they make use of methods that stimulate expectancy and resourcefulness in the conferees. As a result, special outlines, questionnaires, prejudice tests, and syllabi are taking shape as tools of collaborative learning, addressed to the ascertained needs of many types of person and situation.

The Inquiry point of view has occasioned among organizational leaders a special concern with discussion as something that has its own directive principles—an art of group dialogue by which people can deal with their differences in ways that are mutually revealing and creative. It is this faith in the possibility of winning higher levels of group experience that has given a new significance to the problems of club, class, conference, and committee.

Until recently, students of human nature were little disposed to expect the finer fruits of thought to be achievable by persons thinking in concert. The earlier studies of group behavior dealt largely with the psychology of crowds, and left a general impression that it is the nature of group relations to make persons "crowd-minded." Moreover, the public forms of group deliberation appear distressingly inefficient, so that students of affairs dwell with satisfaction only on the parts played by leaders, whom they tend to picture as the sole sources of energy and vision. What is more, the whole record of achievements in philosophy, science, literature, and art seems to show the higher reaches of intellectual endeavor only where men have closeted themselves with their own thought. Naturally, therefore, we have become very individualistic in our thinking about thinking, and expect what passes between men in groups to represent merely the crude common factors between mind and mind.

We are learning, however, that the interdependence of men in modern life complicates the conditions of their thinking—even as individuals. And as group-members their thought is often addressed to situations within which certain values are dimly emergent, and require the meeting of diverse sensitivities and purposes in order not just to become known, but to come into being. A social problem is always immersed in such a situation, and the parties to it react to the situation with their whole

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personalities, and not simply with their intellects. When they "interthink" as a group, the promise of their effort turns pretty much on the quality and tone of their mutual stimulations. If these are such as call out merely egoistic or crowd reflexes, the group serves no worthy end. But the stimulations can be directed by an art of interplay between personalities made socially responsive. Here the group gives its problematic situation a creative turn.

Group-thinking of this sort, which stages a confronting of the diversities among people, is perhaps a needed corrective of "group-conditioning"—where similarities in social position and function impart to those who share them a certain common mental "set" that limits the range of their perceptions. Thus, as C. DeLisle Burns has remarked, while no one would impute a "group mind" to small employers as a class, yet one may speak of them as forming a *"mind group,"* with characteristic attitudes and points of view. His business habits and outlook dispose the small employer to be individualistic, regarding himself as the pivot of his enterprise—unmindful of the social conditions contributing to his success; he is impatient of regulatory standards, feeling public control as "interference"; he is masterful and dogmatic, rather consciously "practical," and, as administrator in the customary business system, he tends to view it as fixed and sacrosanct. All this, of course, means that in certain situations his mind moves with uneven attention and discernment, and that his views and reactions will gain by contact with minds which are "set" to register aspects and values that he may slight or miss. It is here that the discussion group comes into play. Its members, each with his own outlook and his special sensibilities and desires, frame between them a fuller mirroring of the situation than would appear to any one.

The experience of discussion, under auspices which play up its subtler resources, can become an episode out of which people find their older attitudes and assumptions transcended, and a new orientation among their impelling life values. Here, indeed, we touch upon a needed interpretation of the place of conflict and strain in group experience. It is perhaps in situations of *tension*—where values are at hazard—that new values get their first due attention. For every man the flow of experience comes to pause at nodal points where he grows vividly aware of his whole situation as calling for inner and outer adjustments. The course of circumstance has outrun his capacity for off-hand responses that keep him unshattered in a world of change. Forces are at work about him that elude the formulations of his common sense. What he needs as a person amid persons is an experience not so much of "retreat" as of concerted rumination that taps new sources of spiritual energy and vision. Such an experience can be won from group discussion. Here the impulses and motivations that seek adjustment make their appearance in a social rehearsal, out of which each party to the changing situation finds its clues as a new life-pattern—a pattern that gives effective direction to his purposes and reintegrates his personality.

Discussion, so considered, demands a special technique of discussion-leading. It requires of the chairman a grasp of the situations discussed, so that the group will see quickly where matters call for individual decision by an expert, where they call for individually prepared decision offered for group check-up, and where they call for a decision to be worked out conjointly by the group. It requires of the chairman also that he sees what constitutes a really effective group decision—recognizing the adjustments of purpose and feeling that enter into it. Grasping thus the essentials in discussion starts and endings, he can address himself to the social technique involved in a thought-process that "gets somewhere." Here he will face the key-question: (1) how to get new information most fruitfully introduced? and (2) how to get *considering* attitudes toward the issue? He should make it his constant concern to note and deal with the various kinds of miss-fire response; as, "side-channeling," face-saving, blame-reactions, fixed-idea reactions, and word compulsions. Much that is ordinarily left to chance in the participation and response of group-members can be kept to a fruitful course by an understanding discussion leader.

Where discussions arise out of situations in the on-going career of an organization, the leaders will have a special concern with the by-products of effective group-thinking. The effects of its give-and-take on aroused and unaroused wishes of the participants are important for their morale as an organized fellowship. Inquiry-minded leaders, therefore, are seeing the processes of conference as something more than the group-testing of proposals in order to reach plans that will work. They see them as opportunities for the members to reappraise the interests and satisfactions that make their fellowship worth while, and to make vitalizing revisions of its purposes.

ALFRED D. SHEFFIELD.

Tragic Dialogue

"Does not the progressive wheel of years
Composed of baser metals
Obscure him from your eyes, whose tears
Have turned to willow petals?

A hundred years! This iron bar
Has beaten you, and hindered?"
"Not so: on no extremest star
Had he and I been kindred.

Ah no, both happily and alas!
A clover field, a river,
A hawthorn hedge, a pane of glass
Had parted us forever."

ELINOR WYLIE.

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The Re-Discovery of America

VIII: *The Reign of Power*

Mr. Frank's articles have traced the progress from what was one great Western Culture—the synthesis of Judea, Greece, Alexandria, Rome—expressing the entire man, social, esthetic, religious, to the final release of the individual atom: the modern American. This organic Whole reached its height in medieval Christian Europe; its dissolution is the modern epoch, and the symbol of its deliquescence is the Atlantic. This break was expressed by action, and action became the modern value. Discovery, science, such new ideals as nationalism, secular internationalism, protestantism, expressed it. The voyage of Columbus symbolized it; emphasis on personal will energized it; the machine embodied it. Again and again, this "action" leads to America. America began as the "Grave of Europe," for in our Civil War the fragments of the dissolving Whole finally died; leaving the Seed—the American who is no longer of Europe, who is a true end and a true beginning. Action, which destroyed the old dogmatic Knowledge of Europe, may create a new kind of Knowledge. In "The Sense of the Whole" Mr. Frank established that the creating of Wholes is the basic human need: science, art, religion, express it in an ascending series. The ultimate Whole—religion—cannot survive without sound substructures: the wholes of science and art. The modern American lives in a new kind of jungle—the uncontrolled wilderness created by the decayed and denatured fragments of the transplanted world and by the machine which is the embodiment of his own aggressive, unmastered personal will. He is literally a barbarian in his jungle.
—THE EDITORS.

IT is not accidental that Nietzsche, who was a child of Europe's chaos and who refused all unity to life, deified the will-to-Power. Power is the god of the one who accepts only himself. Power is the imposition of the one upon the external world. In the polity of Power, what counts is the one: what must survive is the same one. All outside this one must submit or be destroyed. Power is the expression of the brute, of the savage, of the child—of any being whose self-awareness has not spread beyond the majesty of personal will. Wherever energy remains in the stage of *individual* enhancement, it becomes Power. The genesis of Power, therefore, being the denial or unawareness of Wholes beyond this individual enhancement, is chaos; and the production of Power is more chaos. For Power refuses to die within some synthesis greater than itself. A mass of power-persons cannot integrate, can form no organ or *true* society: they make the herd whose sum is the cumulation of self-assertive atoms.

But the creative act, upon whatever plane, is the fusion of the one with another one; so that what was two becomes a one which was not there before and which transcends the individual ones that made it. The name of this creative act is Love. Sexual, intellectual, esthetic, social, mystical—wherever a union is created between two, so that now there is one, you have Love. Love, then, although it rises from it, is the antithesis of Power. It may be more powerful than Power, but it is not Power.

The reign of Power in America is not mysterious. The synthesis of Europe was, at least ideally, and for all its flaws, a true creation: Love—the Love called Christian—went into its making. Like all bodies, it at last dissolved. And the fragments and atoms let by its dissolution flowed to the Atlantic. The American sections, as we have seen, for a while heroically held against the urge of deliquescence. They went down at last in what we call the Civil War. And all that remained, to the released American atom, was his own atomic self-expression, which is Power.

If, then, America's true beginning was a manifest of Power, this was but the heritage of birth, the way of any child. And if America's activity put forth a jungle of Power, this too was as it must be. The barbarism we have pictured as American life within our Power-nature, is not a reproach; it is but a beginning. We have defined this barbarism as the state in which man accepts an untransfigured nature —within him and without—and adjusts to it and finds his values in it: the given world *impresses* him, whereas in Culture, man, having become creative of general ideas rather than of mere makeshifts, turns about and impresses nature. Now, we may add to our definition: Barbarism lives on the plane of Power; and it is precisely in consequence of this that barbarous man is alone, forming no integral society but a pack or a herd, and that nature, although adjusted to perhaps with consummate skill, remains ideally external—remains a jungle.

Like the savage in his forest, the American worships himself in what is manifest about him. Tree, sun, spring, the procreative force—or the machine, big buildings, success: they are values passively found within, and put upon the outer world in animistic fashion. The nature of industrialism is the extension of the embodiments of Power. As with the machine, so the State, the corporation, the financially and socially vested institution, even the party and the club become power-objects and approach the

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machine in function. The American, submitting to his nature, through them accepts and worships his own Power.

Now, power in a machine is a good thing. The machine is a lone body: all it can do is to exert itself externally without loss of its "self" in a higher fusion; and keep this up over and over, until it wears away and is ready for the scrap-heap. In the machine, we can saliently observe the way of Power—its efficiency, its drastic limitations. And in the often unconscious use of Power—of machine-methods, where they cannot apply, we may begin to observe the tragic dangers in American life.

America is a herd longing to become a true society—frantically longing. It is a living plasm, a potential Whole, and it must reach its integral health or rot and die. It strives to achieve this goal of Unity, which is the fruit of Love, by exercise of Power. It legislates, it organizes, it marshals loyalty into institutions which, serving specific ends, are mere machines. It endeavors, that is, to *force* our birth and our growth. Thus, we enact laws regulating morals; thus gather in Rotary Clubs and Ku Klux Klans. Our purpose is good, it is to create a spiritual active Whole from the chaos which we feel within us. But since the means we use is Power—child of chaos—we perpetuate our chaos.

Power can render homogeneous, for its way is to destroy or cause to submit what differs from it. But uniformity is the contrary of integration. Stirring to be born, we apply Power and bring death; restless in our herd-state, we force Power on the herd and confirm it. . . .

Power renders servile. The man who accepts the primacy of Power is empowered by personal desire. He has crucified the sense of the Whole within him, which acts through Love. He is the victim of his barbarous impulse to make the world his victim. Such a man, meeting, as all men must, a greater power than his own, is soon enslaved by it. He has succumbed to Power in himself, what virtue has he to avoid subjection to the same force in mightier degree? If he falls before no stronger person, he will succumb to the mass-power—to the abstract idea of Power. He will be servile before some external show vaster than what he values in himself. He will be the American, indeed: nervous, restless, comfortable only as he basks completely in the power of the mob about him. He will distrust whatever impulse in himself cannot immediately be coined in power; he will despise minorities, both in his soul and in his social body; and—if they threaten to discomfit him, he will use violence to suppress them. He will be, that is, a democrat: and having convinced himself that slavery to Power is good if he calls the Power his, he will proceed to deem himself a free man.

The reign of Power means a mass of men who have lost freedom and creativity. For the free man is he who has conquered his personal desire for Power, thereby winning the strength of knowledge that he is part in a Whole: and the creative man is he who understands that the personal will must become an integer in a union that transcends it. In a reign of Power, there is only Power. There will be powerful buildings, powerful machines, powerful parties, powerful banks, powerful prisons—and depleted men.

This becomes still more clear when we consider that, by definition, the field of Power is external to the man who wields it. Energy is harnessed by Power only to be led into extrinsic fields. Power does not fuse the world of nature into union with the self; for this is the activity of Love. It subdues, and passes on. The realm of Power is a constantly retreating surface of possibilities not yet conquered. Power lives on a frontier. The frontier moves with it; its war-cry is that kind of "progress" which has no present, which has but an unreal "future." Nor does Power act within the self from which it issues. It accepts that self, indulgently. It is the immediate exteriorization of personal impulse. The man of Power has begun by docilely admitting at its own value his desire to possess the world. He has not mastered himself: indeed, the abdication of self-mastery is the price he pays for the career of Power. This man is not self-contained, not self-evolved, not moving toward growth, since his action is on an illusory frontier of life forevermore outside him.

It follows that Power renders him who wields it passive. It is true that American life is a constant agitation, a violent moving hither and beyond, in which the country strives to emulate the city. But motion may be proof of passiveness. Take a squirrel in a treadmill. So long as it runs with the running plane that binds it, though it wear itself out with movement, it is passive. To be truly active, the squirrel would have to endeavor to stand still. It might stop the treadmill, then, and get away. The treadmill of Power is the dominating impulse to gain Power. The whole man is disengaged, save as the lust of Power can employ him: all that is contemplative, creative, religious in him becomes inert.

In our land, this paradox of Power is concrete. Power has spread the machine; the machine acts and man is passive. He wants to move quicker than legs can move him. He gets into a machine which moves him, and so far as moving is concerned he is passive. He wants to have music quicker than the slow process of learning to make music. (Speed is the disease of Power which, having no present, feverishly strives to hurry to the future.) The machine "gives" him music; and in consequence he is forever exiled from the experience of music.[1] A concatena-

[1] Art cannot become a language, hence an experience, unless it is practised. To the man who plays, a mechanical reproduction of music may mean much, since he already has the experience to assimilate it. But where reproduction becomes the norm, the few music-makers will grow more isolate and sterile, and the ability

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tion of machines, giving him news, motion, entertainment, art and sport progressively renders him inert, and deprives him of the experience which these should give him. For none of these is real, save in the degree that it *engages* us. News which should expand becomes inane; entertainment which should recreate becomes a drug; motion which should bring experience becomes escape; art becomes a mechanical mockery of life. . . .

Since the cult of Power renders passive and depletes man's energy from his creative center, it becomes evident that the reign of Power changes nothing. True change means creation, and Power, since it never can surpass itself, never can create. The sort of "change" which we observe in the American world—kaleidoscope of styles and forms and fads flashed on the eye by newspaper and commerce—is typified by the electric sign on Broadway. We know that its glittering variance is an illusion. The sign is a stiff and stationary structure; the sense of change derived from the lighting and dimming of bulbs is but a surface calling of attention from one part of the signboard to another. With the right perspective we should know that the "advance" of our politics, our literature, our arts, our mechanical "progress" is a similar delusion. Change in America is laborious and secret; it persists against the obdurate will of those very institutions which constantly mouth "progress." The reign of Power (read: Success) threatens to make us the changeless slough of the world.

Albert Einstein on his visit to New York exclaimed to me with questioning surprise: "This seems to be a land of only two dimensions!" Dr. Einstein is a prophet whose symbology is physics. In his terms, he had perceived the nature of a society of Power. Such a world has only surfaces; its energy goes into the continuous making of frontiers of action, never deepening to a "third dimension" what has been acquired. The observer knows how true this is: of our thought, of our emotional play, of our politics, of our arts. The architecture of New York is flat; it has no depth, and in consequence it strikes the intelligent eye as flimsy and unreal. It may stand for the Power which can scaffold manifolds of two dimensions, but which cannot create the depth in which real life begins: the "third dimension" that another idiom calls "consciousness" or "spirit." And here again, the machine bears witness. However intricate, the machine can be only a thing of surfaces. It is an analytical concoction. This means that it cannot grow beyond the actual parts which make it. Creation is synthetic. A human body, for example, is *more* than the sum of the chemicals that form it. This *more* is the synthesis which, on whatever plane, we may call life. It is the fruit of Love. It only can be the objective of creative man's devotion.

In a true society, Love finds its natural career. Such a society is an integral Whole with which the individual wills may marry through social, political, esthetic and religious action. With us, who are a herd (under a carapace of uniforming Power), the impulse to create is disembodied. It perseveres, it has no world to live in. It is in constant danger either of evaporation or of corruption by Power. Yet America longs for what it appears to reject. Power, which by itself can but perpetuate its sterile sway, desires to be overcome by Love.

WALDO FRANK.

to experience music will disappear. The same is true with cinema, dance and even sport. Only when the theater, for instance, is an ennobled stylization of common social practice (as it was in Athens and in Medieval Europe) can it become an experience for the onlooker.

Lord Oxford

THOSE who only knew Lord Oxford in his later life must find it hard to credit either the appearance or the reputation which are reported to have been his thirty or more years ago. The ability and the reticence were there to be recognized; but the somewhat tight features, the alleged coldness of the aspiring lawyer from Balliol were entirely transformed in the noble Roman of the war and post-war years, who looked the part of Prime Minister as no one has since Mr. Gladstone. His massive countenance and aspect of venerable strength were, in these later days, easily perceived to mask neither coldness nor egoism, but to clothe with an appropriate form a warm and tender heart easily touched to emotion, and a personal reserve which did not ask or claim anything for himself.

Lord Oxford possessed most of the needed gifts of a great statesman except ruthlessness towards others and insensitiveness for himself. One wonders whether in the conditions of the modern age a man so sensitive as he was will ever again be robust enough to expose himself to the outrages of public life. Lord Oxford protected his sensitiveness by silence, by totally refraining from retort or from complaint. He absolutely rejected the aid or the opportunities of the venal press. He could be the leader of a nation or of a party; he would hasten to protect a friend or a colleague; but he disdained to protect himself to a degree which was scarcely compatible with the actual conditions of contemporary life. Yet it was probably this course of behavior, this element of character which, increasingly with years, molded for him the aspect of dignity, the air of sweetness and calm, the gentle ruggedness of countenance, which those who knew him after he had finally left office will carry in their memories as characteristically and preëminently his.

It is natural to dwell at this moment on the qualities which made him lovable and were also those which events brought most to notice in the closing phase of his career—the phase after he ceased to be Prime Minister, the last twelve years, which have contributed little or nothing to his constructive services to the State, yet have greatly added to the world's knowledge and appreciation of his own personality. But it was, of course, his powers of intellect

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and of rapid industry which carried him to great offices of state. Lord Oxford's intellect combined rapidity of apprehension, lucidity, critical sharpness, a copious and accurate memory, taste and discrimination, freedom both from prejudices and from illusion, with an absence of originality and creative power; and I am not sure that this want of originality was not one of the most necessary of the ingredients to produce the successful combination. His mind was built for the purpose of dealing with the given facts of the outside world; it was a mill or a machine, not a mine or a springing field. But this deficiency conserved the strength of his judgment. Lord Oxford had no intellectual fancies to lead him astray, no balloons of his own making to lift his feet off the ground. It was his business to hear and to judge; and the positions he occupied—Home Secretary, Chancellor of the Exchequer, Prime Minister—are positions best occupied, not by one ingenious to invent and to build, but by one whose business it is to hear and to judge. For this business there has been no man in this century by any means his equal. Few words and little time were necessary for him to apprehend perfectly the purport of what he was being told; and he would bring his knowledge and experience to bear on it with an entire freedom from bias and *parti pris*.

His temperament was naturally conservative. With a little stupidity and a few prejudices dashed in he would have been Conservative in the political sense also. As it was, he was the perfect Whig for carrying into execution those radical projects of his generation which were well judged. It is remarkable, looking back on the Liberal legislation of the eight years before the War, to see how abundant it was, yet how well chosen, and how completely on the whole it has stood the test of events. To Lord Oxford we owe, not the invention of any part of that program, but the wisdom of its selection and execution. In the controversy as to the conduct of the War, which culminated in the downfall of the first Coalition government at the end of 1916, I believed then, and I believe now, that he was largely in the right.

Few men can have accomplished in their lives more hard work than Lord Oxford. But he worked, as a Prime Minister must if he is to survive, with great economy of effort. He could deal with printed and written matter with the rapidity of a scholar. He never succumbed to the modern curse of shorthand and the verbosity it breeds. Lord Oxford belonged to the lineage of great men, which will, I pray, never die out, who can take up a pen and do what is necessary in short notes written in their own hand. Lord Oxford's fault, in relation to his work, lay, perhaps, in his willingness to relax his attention from it when it was put by, not to carry it about with him in his mind and on his tongue when the official day's work was done. Certainly this was a source of strength sometimes, but also, on occasion, of weakness. In combination with his reserve, which made it difficult to broach with him an awkward topic—in part the necessary equipment of any leading statesman to keep the impertinent at bay, but practised by him in an unusual degree—it would sometimes cut him off from full knowledge of what was brewing in the political cauldron. These habits of mind were also capable of facilitating an evasion, especially of a personal issue. The discipline and the harsh severity towards faithful friends and less faithful rivals alike, which the management of a cabinet must needs entail, were to him extraordinarily distasteful.

Lord Oxford was, therefore, at his best and at his happiest when there were great issues afoot which were entirely political and not at all personal; when he had behind him a body of supporters and lieutenants united at heart and in intention, and only differing in the degrees of their impulsiveness. On such occasions he would be able to use, and direct into the courses of wisdom, all that is most valuable in a great political party. The fight for Free Trade, the fight for the Parliament Act, the opening year of the War were opportunities of this kind, when Mr. Asquith could stand up as a leader with the full powers of his intellect and composure of spirit.

It is to be recorded of Lord Oxford that he loved learning and studious ways and the things which a university stands for. He was a real reader; he could handle books in a library with love. The classical and literary pursuits, his aptitude for which had gained him his first step on the ladder, were not discarded when they had ceased to be useful. I think that he liked these things, just as he liked great constitutional and political controversies, all the better because they were not too much mixed with the soiled clay of personal issues.

Those who knew Lord Oxford personally cannot think of him except in the atmosphere and unique environment of his beloved wife and family. He was the solid core round which that brilliant circle revolved—the center of the gayest and brightest world, the widest-flung yet the simplest hospitality of modern England. With the most incomparable of hostesses opposite him, with abundance, indiscretion, all that was most rash and bold flying round him, Lord Oxford would love to appear the dullest amidst so much light, to rest himself and to enjoy the flow of reason and of unreason, completing a picture of contrasts rare and delightful.

London. J. M. KEYNES.

Washington Notes

IN POLITICAL affairs, the turn of the tide is inevitable—a fact which keeps hope alive in the breast of the most discouraged minority. It would be a queer thing, would it not, if such a turn of the tide should arrive prematurely and upset all calculations, after everybody in politics and out has assumed that the Republican nomination is equivalent to election in 1928? I would not like to be understood as predicting Democratic success in the coming campaign. The internal dissensions within that party, and the unfortunate handicaps of its leading presidential aspirant and probable nominee, make it difficult for the Democrats to take full advantage of their opportunities. But an element of doubt now exists that did not exist before. There has been a measurable diminution in the cocksureness that has made certain Republicans of the Big Business type, and their political agents and representatives, so smugly self-content. The reason, of course, is that the so-called "Coolidge prosperity" is

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not only on the wane, but has completely disappeared. In its place has come a distinct and undeniable industrial depression, marked by an amazing amount of unemployment in every city in the country.

As yet, the facts about the business slump have not been discussed in the open, beyond a desultory Democratic blast now and then, which, of course, is promptly discounted as partisan political propaganda. Anything like a frank facing of the situation has been studiously avoided both by the politicians and the journalists. So far as the newspapers are concerned, the explanation is the advertisers. It is considered "hurting business" for a newspaper to say that times are not good and the outlook not encouraging. Whenever any newspaper does point out these things, there comes a prompt protest from the department-store advertisers. In addition, letters to the editor pour in from the secretaries of the chambers of commerce and kindred trade organizations urging that such "pessimistic" articles are "bad for business." The result is that there are astonishingly few newspapers in the country that do not make a consistent policy of printing only optimistic editorials and articles concerning business conditions. The rule is to minimize unemployment stories, discount the slump and insist, in the face of no matter what depressing facts, that the "outlook is promising." This amounts, of course, to a direct suppression of news and a deliberate effort to mislead.

The determination of the politicians of the party in power to ignore discouraging economic conditions is natural enough. The well known fact that the greatest asset any party can possibly have is prosperity while it is in control, is sufficient to account for the unwillingness of Republicans to touch upon business conditions at this time. The real chance of the minority is hard times. The moronic masses then turn blindly against the powers that be. As it is impossible to arouse them against the administration when there is plenty of work and good wages, it is equally impossible to appease them when they are out of work. It is not a matter of reason—but it is an inevitable reaction just the same. Despite the coöperation of the press and the business interests, the Republican party will not have in the coming campaign as its great asset the remarkable prosperity which in 1924 absorbed all criticism, nullified the effect of the proven Republican corruption, robbed every Democratic argument of its force, and made it possible to attribute to Mr. Coolidge qualities which he wholly lacks, and elect him by an almost unprecedented majority over a man immeasurably his superior.

It seemed to me early this year that the big influences behind the Republican party might be able to hold things up sufficiently well to insure the election of another Republican President before the turn came. I still rather think that they can, but it will not be as easy as they thought. An appreciable amount of apprehension is admitted among the most intelligent Republicans in both financial and political circles. The bulk of business men and politicians are, as usual, non-comprehending, but among a few of the mental adults among the "leaders" there is real concern over conditions. If by election day present conditions have gotten worse, nobody can tell. A Democrat might win after all.

All I want to point out in this—for me—unwonted discussion of economic conditions is that there exists doubt, perhaps small, but still some, about the result of the 1928 election. Heretofore, such a doubt has not been admitted by anyone—not even by me, who am one of the greatest doubters alive. And I rejoice, not because I particularly desire to see a Democrat elected President—certainly not unless I could pick him myself—but because these large, fat-necked and fat-headed business men, who really run the Republican party, are just about intolerable when they feel too sure about being unshakably on the top of the heap. As a reformed Red, with money in nine banks, eleven trust companies and eighteen Balvereins, I am of course in favor of corruption and the Republican party, but I do hate to see these sleek, oily financial figures, who regularly fill up the Republican campaign chest and just as regularly get it all back multiplied many times, after election, too secure in their party control and their personal and very special privileges.

There is little space left for me to comment upon the extraordinary spectacle of Big Bill Thompson, Frank Smith, Len Small and William Lorimer—as unsavory a political combination as has been formed for many a year—utilizing the impeccable Mr. Coolidge's name and fame in an effort to perpetuate their political control in the great state of Illinois. Blatantly trumpeting his determination to "draft Coolidge," Thompson, backed by Lorimer and Small, is cashing in on having been received at the White House by Mr. Coolidge, and, banking on the inertia of the timid little man in the White House, is using him in the attempt to deprive Lowden of his own state. It is one of the most offensive and audacious pieces of politics played in a long time, and the idea of the President of the United States permitting himself to be used in such a way by such a crew has aroused unusual political indignation. By the time this appears in print, Mr. Coolidge may have taken some steps to stop this brazen business by a rebuke to the Thompson group. I hope he will. Any other man in his position would have kicked the bottom out of their scheme as soon as it became apparent.

Washington. T. R. B.

Any Sunset

There's something about the going down of the sun,
Whether it makes a bonfire of a cloud,
Or, too obscure and lonely to be proud,
Sinks on the nearest rooftop, and is gone.
There's something, not of color nor of size,
In the mere going, in the calm descent,
Half out of heaven and half imminent;
Final, as though it never again would rise.

There's something in its very noiselessness,
Unlike mad waters or the winds that shout
Their end in one last agony of excess;
Something that does not count its days nor deeds,
But trusts itself to darkness and goes out
And finds whatever after-life it needs.

Louis Untermeyer.

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Recountings

The Bachelor Father, by Edward Childs Carpenter. Belasco Theater. February 28, 1928.

"THE BACHELOR FATHER" makes no pretensions to being a serious piece or even a stylish comedy, but it is a delightful little entertainment, nevertheless, and turns round a very pleasant bit of invention. Its theme concerns a bachelor getting on in years who decides to collect his illegitimate offspring about him, for reasons of boredom, and for other reasons hidden in his heart somewhere, perhaps, and quite unknown to himself. There are three of these offspring to be sought; the young family solicitor sets off to bring them in; he gathers up a son in Manchester, a daughter from a prima donna's balcony in Florence, and another from the doorstep of her New York lodging-house.

These three young persons arrive, pass judgment on their father, decide to give him a trial, and in the end remain with him. The son, a musician, turns out not to be a son at all, but to have been passed off on the bachelor by a wily mother. The Florentine is recalled for an opera engagement, the released young man is free to pursue her, since she is not his sister; and we are left with the American young lady, who is doing fancy flying. There is some suspense about a crash she has, and in the end the declaration of love by the solicitor. A curious effect ensues: the play is sprinkled with saucy cuts and double meanings, and plenty of the low-down on naughtiness and modern youth, but the impression, when all is said, is as fresh and innocent as "Little Lord Fauntleroy"; the story remains youthful, agreeable and pleasant to remember.

That shrewd indulgence of all our theater impulses—little suspenses, romance, varieties of scene and motive, friendly championship of characters—that Mr. Belasco so happily possesses, combines with his theater sense to keep the performance up and going; and his sagacious casting spreads over the whole a pleasant bloom of actuality and likable people.

Miss June Walker plays with that strange reality that she seems never to lose—we could swear that she wanted to fly, that she struggled with British ways, loved her men, her mother's memory and her own impishness—and has gained by Mr. Belasco's sharpening up of her motives and technical attack. We cannot begrudge them a long run in "The Bachelor Father," but when that is over, we can wish that he would direct Miss Walker in a serious part —"The Glass Slipper," of a few seasons back, went all to pieces before the curtain had fallen on the last act, but Miss June Walker's performance in the first act was unforgettable, for its adolescent pathos, its downrightness and variety, its sincerity of feeling, and for the same engaging voice that lends so much now to "The Bachelor Father."

Mr. George Riddell's performance of the butler in this English story must be praised; and Mr. C. Aubrey Smith exhibits the sure skill and admirable propriety of taste and wit that he always brings to his comedy playing, and that is a lesson to our younger actors.

There has been so much cocky and embarrassing talk quoted from ruling headquarters about "Maya" and its sinful elements, about no plays being allowed in the future that deal with immoral women, and so on, and so on, such banalities as loyalty to our country makes us anxious to forget—the play is now finally closed—that some further résumé of this remarkable play and sketch of its theme seems useful and to the point, especially for readers who have had no chance to see the production at the Comedy Theater, and for those outside of New York who will read this news and wonder.

In frankness, daring, indecency, et cetera, et cetera, this play of Simon Gantillon's could not be said to shine very bright; this town is used long since to better examples of these qualities, and the amount of boldness or nudities or cheap dirt that could be compassed elsewhere up and down Broadway would make the obscene ambitions of "Maya" very modest indeed. So much for that point; it is obvious. "Maya" does profess two manifest sins, from healthy standpoints: first, it lacks a cheerful atmosphere—it even sins against sin, for you cannot imagine an evening at "Maya" as promoting illicit excitement; and second, it is somewhat poetic, which a long and happy experience with "Lullabys," "Shanghai Gestures," restful T. B. M. revues, and burlesques that we know to be healthy because we can inspect their performers all over, have taught us to resent. "Maya" may offend, also, because it is not so much interested in a final repentance as it is in an exalted idea. And, finally, it is not for some people merely because it is not their kind of thing, which is nothing against either them or it. Mr. Ernest Boyd's translation, published by the Actor-Managers, can now be had in printed form.

The substance of "Maya" consists in a series of episodes that have no special conclusion or dénouement. They are scenes out of this prostitute's life, in her narrow street, on the waterfront, from which men from over the world come to her, led by their beastly desires, or their dreams, their loneliness, their fatal destiny, their folly, their infinite void, one reason or another. But the theme of "Maya" has a continuity, and, what is more, a certain rising development. In the performance this theme grows somewhat muffled by the time the last scene is over, the scene where the East Indian and the Jazz Player wait for Bella's return. It needs to be stated, for the sake of those who may care to ponder the play, its content, report, reputation and condemnation. Through the prologue, the nine scenes and the epilogue, runs one idea: woman as a mirror—to use Nietzsche's phrase—woman as whatever the dream is that the man dreams and brings to her. The loftier the dream, the more it rises to the volume of the whole man, the less real the woman is within it, until at last there is a dream, an idea, a vision, so wide and fair and with wings so strong, that she has no reality within it at all. It is not she at all that her lovers' eyes look at. This final climax in the theme is what the ninth scene meant in the play, and what the production failed to convey sufficiently.

We have seen Bella taken by this man and that, the Interpreter who has loved a lady above his station and stabbed his rival, the homesick Norwegian boy with the doll he has bought for his little sister, the Quartermaster, looking for the girl he first loved, who buys the rug for Bella from an Arab, the Arab who buys the rug back for twelve francs with her thrown in, and so on till we

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come to the Jazz Player and the East Indian. The East Indian talks of the dancer's little body the color of gold; is she the same as Bella? in India she is called Maya, which means Mary sometimes, and sometimes the Mother of Desire, and also Sister of Lies, and even the apparition. Apparition—illusion—the power of illusion, yes, that most of all. There is a row outside in the street, shots are fired, a man is killed. The Jazz Player crouches at the foot of the bed, the East Indian bars the door. Bella's voice outside calls to be let into her own house, she will be pinched. What does she say? the Jazz Singer asks. She is asking who has taken her place. Is that Bella's voice? She has so many. But you don't know this woman? No one has ever known her alive, every man kills her as he enters. Some of the girls outside take Bella along to hide in their house. The Jazz Player dreams of the golden woman. The East Indian sings of Maya, the divine courtesan, calling her up by his incantation through the fading light.

In that strange, humiliating and magnificent book that Isadora Duncan left of her life, there are two sentences that may belong to this play of "Maya."

> How strange and terrible to approach a human being through the envelope of flesh and find a soul —through its envelope of flesh to find pleasure, sensation, illusion. Ah, above all—illusion of what men call happiness—through the envelope of flesh, through the appearance, illusion—what men call Love.
>
> The miracle of Love is the varied themes and keys in which it can be played, and the love of one man compared to another may be as different as hearing the music of Beethoven compared to the music of Puccini, and the instrument that gives the response to these melodious players is Woman.

STARK YOUNG.

The Two Black Crows

THERE are signs that the Republic grows a little sick of its genius for efficiency, and among these signs there is one of more clarity than the rest—the incalculable popularity of Charley Mack.

Mr. Mack is the larger of "The Two Black Crows," that black-face pair whose stage, radio and phonograph performances have had so marked an influence upon the folk-talk of the nation. He is the one on the right-hand side of the stage, possessor of the dying voice, Socratic questions and mountainous repose. Moran is the "feeder" for the act, supplying Mack with his cues.

As "Moran and Mack" they star in Broadway revues and on radio programs. Their phonograph records sell prodigiously, their first disc being more popular, it is claimed, than any other ever made. They are quoted more freely than any other personages today. Everywhere one hears people making foolish attempts to imitate Mr. Mack, pathetic efforts to recapture the mood of serenity into which his voice and manner had insinuated them. The nation has discovered him.

Yet he is nothing new. With Moran, his present partner, he has been a vaudeville headliner for a decade. Long before that, he came leisurely up out of the "small-time" vaudeville circuits with Bert Swor as his team-mate and with essentially his present material. It is not to any change in his act, but to a changing public that Charley Mack owes his immense and still-mounting vogue. The Republic has all at once awakened to the fact that Mr. Mack has, in his personality and philosophy, the precise relief it has been subconsciously craving—relief from the tyranny of business. In the way he looks, the way he talks, in the very sound as well as the meaning of his lines, Mack is a welcome iconoclast freeing America, if but momentarily, from the oppressive religion of Business. His method, however, is not so heroic as that of other emancipators has been. Always he is a jobless nomad, fat, contented, comic, contriving with sheer physical immobility and his series of unanswerable questions to make Strenuous America ridiculous. No mere lazy coon is Mack. If he is soothingly slow to answer the brisk questions of his partner, it is not because of mental sloth, but rather from intellectual indifference to matters beneath him. There is far more of the Chinese than the African in his creation, much indeed of Li-Po and Po-Chui, the poets of oriental resignation. Dwelling in the cool heights of patience, he becomes the immensely alluring antithesis of everything that all business men have been taught to be. He deflates the gospel of toil, pep, snap and go-getterism. He is completely indifferent to common sense, as Business preaches it, and to all the commandments of Ben Franklin. Those curious phrases, "I'd rather not hear any more about it!" or "What causes that?" or "What's your idea in bringin' *that* up?" with which he unhorses the more sensible interrogator, have worked their way into the common speech of America, not because they are intriguing slang—for they are not properly slang—but because they afford the masses, harassed by Business, expression for their growing weariness of efficiency. The one-time slang phrase, "I should worry," was a gay defiance, but Mack's "I can't be bothered with that" is a restful, soothing disposal of a tiresome, practical world. Mack's sayings are quoted endlessly, because they give the quoter a vague feeling of philosophic superiority to even the emotion of revolt.

As the simple free-thinker and welcome anti-evangelist, Charley Mack has been embraced by the toilers themselves. George F. Babbitt pays more to see Mack, and pays more often, than he paid to see Bert Williams, who in some artificial aspects was Mack's precursor. Mr. Williams was a colored man himself, blacking up blacker than he was, a tragedian extracting poetry and humor from a character resignedly dispirited. Charley Mack is a white man whose black-face creation views social standards, personal reputation, opportunity and success with sublime indifference. No such study in casualness has ever been achieved before. Witness his perfect absence of pious shame in the tale he unfolds, under much prodding, of his incapacity at business:

"What did you raise on your farm?" his partner asks.

"Hogs. We bought 'em in December and sold 'em in April," he drawls.

"What did you pay for 'em in December?"

"Fo' dollars."

"What did you sell 'em for in April?"

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"Fo' dollars."

"Man, you can't make any money like that!"

"Yes, we found that out."

Such matters are of no import to a person of genuine mental superiority.

And again, when Moran scolds him for his ignorance of the early bird's victory in the worth-while field of worms, Mack belittles the sacred teaching with infuriatingly cool questions: "Who cares? What's the early bird want with the worm? Who wants a worm? What if some other bird gets there first?" and finally, "I'd rather not hear any more about it."

He is tolerant of orthodoxy, but not in the least impressed by it. Never is he defiantly against the grain, but always free to disagree without emotion. "You don't mean to tell me you believe in dreams?" sneers Moran.

"Yes," Mack sighs, "I believe in dreams."

"Well, *I* don't."

Then after a long pause in which the assaulted big man appears to have dismissed the issue with silence, he slowly observes, "I *still* do."

The masses out in front, delighted beyond words, eat it up, this heterodox procedure. Mack is so slow, so indifferent to the audience, that he barely gets on the stage at all and, once on, a few feet from the wings, is immovable. He speaks almost in a whisper, ignores his audiences and makes no effort to capture their attention. Even in the burlesque boxing match, with which the present act closes, Mack achieves his comic effects with incredible sloth. Where other "doubles" work their patter ever upward toward a climax, Mack is forever letting the dialogue die, always perfectly willing to be done with all this chatter. He is free not to answer, if he so chooses, and America, subconsciously, recalling its servitude under bells, punch-clocks, train schedules, engagements and the like, roars its delight. With him, it too is free, for an hour. The Republic is beginning to act as though he were the answer to Rotary.

LLOYD LEWIS.

Winter Morning

OVER the carefully arranged rhomboids and stars of the nut-shop windows: the pale pistachio border, the mixed center of butternut and walnut, the crisp almonds looking their rich taste; over the lingerie stores, narrow as cardboard boxes, hung with cheap crisp chemises all cut from the same pattern, flattered with lace, colored like candy, with here and there a shift of transparent chiffon black as the spots on dice; over chain grocery stores, piled with canned pineapple and tomatoes and blocks of efficient soap; over the windows where faded bergère and damask are brightened by the flash of glass full of silver leaves and flowers; over the closed mouths of garages, behind which elevator and ramp rise through the dust in plaster angles of a mechanical dream; over the fenestrated towers that shoot upward from the eye, bent backward from the vision, balanced on narrow steel, but firm as though buttressed by the very earth's iron kernel, springing upward as though never to fall, and littered, throughout their shelved floors by desk, chair, telephone, water-cooler, typewriter in interminable, incredible number; over the wide market streets, where box cars and trucks now shunt out their fresh loads of meat, greens, yellow fruit, eggs; over empty theaters, the ceilings bent like rococo foreheads in sleep, above the dark cavern; over the sleekly packed apartments, whose doormen must soon come back to be seen behind the grilled doors like captured admirals; over the disorderly packed tenements, their fire-escapes twisted about and downward like chains; over the elevated, whose patterned rails will fall in light and shadow, in the afternoon, upon the trucks and automobiles beneath, fleeing with them; over the elevated stations, with wooden-scalloped eaves, wherein the coal is almost burned out in the pot-bellied stove; over the shooting galleries and photographers' windows, lighted with a cold green glare, like the sun in hell; over stone horse and fountain; over women advancing with palms into the sky, deliberate, heroic, their bronze dresses blown out behind them by a wind always coming from the same quarter; over museum and news-stand, prison and subway entrance; over food, drink, bed; over the glut and the lack; it is winter morning. The horned head of a steam-shovel called Bucyrus or Thew takes its first bite of earth and rubble and lets it fall; claps its flat mouth after it. The first red-hot rivet flies across from the forge to the bucket. From the blue acetylene torch, the first jet of sparks rockets down, rebounds and dissolves through the empty framework of girders.

LOUISE BOGAN.

CORRESPONDENCE

Mr. Frank's American History

SIR: Mr. Waldo Frank's theory of American history is arresting; but his reasoning is deductive: the few facts that he appears to have combed out of American history are exceptional. Many statements that he brings forward to support his theory are plain distortions. Allow me to examine a few of them.

Certainly many European traits survived in America, as Elizabethan traits survived in Georgian Ireland. The Puritans were not the only innovators who looked back to a golden age, and sought in creating to restore. But, emphatically, the New England village did not "stand alone." Not even Cotton Mather supposed that all the Saints were Yankees. "In the South, relics of feudalism were revived with a precision long lost to Europe." Absolutely untrue! Mr. Frank probably means the Constitutions of Carolina, written by an English philosopher who never saw America, where they were ignored. Sir Ferdinando Gorges and other romantic Europeans had similar schemes. The few that were planted were promptly torn up by the planters, or their sons. "From plantation to county to commonwealth, the hierarchy rose on steps of loyalty and personal service." Loyalty and service to whom? To the commonwealth perhaps? Then every public-spirited community must be feudal. "America, once colonized, was at once archaic." The precise contrary to what every European traveler saw in America! Was it an archaic culture, a rotten-ripe new world that inspired the intellects of eighteenth-century Europe, the democrats of the nineteenth-century Europe, and which stirred to furious detraction every European supporter of church and privilege?

Again, the false contrast of a "hearty Europe" with a "maniac America." Has Mr. Frank ever heard of the Anabaptists? Were Milton's "slaughtered saints" Americans? The Quakerism of George Fox was mellowed, not sharpened, in Pennsylvania. "There was superstition in Europe; freed of social context in Salem, it burned witches. There was Calvinism in Europe; solitary in its

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corners of America, it could starken into Jonathan Edwards." Twenty were executed—none of them burned—at Salem; the victims of witchcraft in Europe were numbered by the thousand. Mr. Frank's opinion of Edwards, based no doubt on the oft-quoted spider sentence from a single sermon, is hardly so significant as the fact that "stark" Edwards was read and quoted in Scotland after he ceased to be read by anyone but specialists in America. Again with Mormonism. If so typically and maniacally American, how came the forty or fifty Mormon churches in England by 1850?

And so one might go on with almost every sentence of this sixth instalment. Brilliant and stimulating Mr. Frank's writings undoubtedly are; but at once so vulnerable and so pretentious as to discredit, with the American public, all intellectual interpretations. On the same plane of thought as the Dearborn Independent or the Sentinels of America, they are hardly as honest, and more mischievous; for the clean, fresh-minted brightness of Mr. Frank's style gives it high exchange value in Europe.

Cambridge, Massachusetts. S. E. Morison.

The Beginning of the End

SIR: Your editorial in your issue of February 15 under the caption, "The Reality of Unemployment," calls for a few words of review of the past seven years. To you, as the most intelligent representative of organized labor, as well as to a few other papers of nationwide circulation and to the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, I have written an occasional letter and enclosed a paper. I believe in every instance I have received a courteous reply, but in no case have they seen fit to make a fair statement of the farmer's condition nor to attribute his distress to the right causes.

Perhaps neither the farmer nor I should find fault with you editors. I understand (few farmers do) that you are the people who mold public opinion. The ordinary man is lazy, both physically and mentally. He is grateful for any gratuitous service. You determine what he shall read, and in your editorials give him the summaries and conclusions. You save time for the busy man, and for all the necessity for thinking. The ordinary man quotes as his opinion of current questions the conclusion of the editor of his favorite paper.

The editor is human. He must live. He must so edit and manage the paper that it will pay dividends to the stock-holders. Who sustain the papers? Not the subscribers. In many instances, they are not charged enough to pay for the blank paper and postage. The advertisers—they are the ones whose favor must be secured and retained. Who are the advertisers? Manufacturers and distributors of manufactured goods. The farmer does not advertise. He has no claim for consideration. And so we see, as never before, the papers of the country a unit in proclaiming prosperity, and advocating a continuation of our present national policies.

You know of the shortage which existed in all lines of manufactured goods at the end of the War, the necessity for rehabilitating the railroads, providing buildings which should have been constructed during the preceding years and filling the shortage of goods of all kinds. As competitors our industries had only the destroyed or disorganized foreign factories—never so great a market or so little competition.

For food, no such aggregate demand could accrue. Even though we had done all we could to foster international trade and feed the starving hordes of Europe, our farmers would have suffered most during the period of deflation.

But the manufacturers were not satisfied with their enormous advantage. They must have no competition from abroad, and the cheapest food and raw material. And so we built the highest tariff barrier we have ever had and entered into an avowed policy of isolation.

With agriculture developed to the highest degree of productivity, with our change from a debtor to a creditor nation, with the farmer's pre-war customers possessed of nothing with which to pay for their food but the product of their hands, we destroyed the market which the farmer had formerly had for his surplus and made his product nearly worthless.

The end was attained. Industry has flourished immensely, notwithstanding that the farmers' trade with it has amounted to little. For seven years, food and raw materials have been furnished at less than cost. Farmers and livestock men have been ruined and driven off the land into the cities. Young people have uniformly left the farms and gone to town. Wealth has been drained out of agriculture into industry. The combinations of manufacturers and city workers have prospered as never before.

About a year ago you published a statement that (as I remember it), while industry had for the year 1926 increased in wealth fifty-seven billion dollars, agriculture had decreased nine billion dollars. There is no prospect for a change in our policy, but there will be a change in urban conditions. The beginning of the end is at hand.

The number of cattle in the country has shrunk to where domestic production is within domestic consumption. The price has risen so that a cow man can again begin to make money. Other food items will follow in due course. The cry over the high price of beef and the concern over unemployment is but the preliminary of what must follow.

Fifteen years ago we were, in this country, feeding from twenty-five to thirty thousand head of steers each winter. The cattle and people who have raised them have both gone to town.

Dillon, Montana. A. L. Stone.

The Banning of Mrs. Russell

SIR: Those responsible for banning me in Madison have evidently been skillful in their own defense. I hope, therefore, you may find space for this letter.

It was represented to me, and the controversy in the Madison press prior to my arrival there bears this out, that it was President Glenn Frank who put pressure on the Student Forum Committee to withdraw their invitation; nor was this done, as at present maintained, on the basis of the synopsis of my lecture, but on account of sensationalized interviews with me in the New York press. The synopsis was sent some little time before the lecture was cancelled. A copy of it is enclosed and the original is open to inspection. I believe its sole offense is honest feminism, not morals.

I proposed to examine how to arrive at the protection of mothers and children, rather than of women as such. One-third of the lecture, as originally planned, dealt with married and unmarried women in industry; another third with the inadequate protection of maternity under existing laws and conventions; the rest with the scandals of alimony, women and war, women's struggle to get education, the changing attitude of respectable middle-aged Englishwomen towards birth control, sex education and protection of adolescents, as shown by conference decisions. My lecture notes are also in existence for inspection.

I have addressed mixed audiences of students at the Labor clubs of both Oxford and Cambridge Universities on similar topics.

If, in fact, the men students of Madison were themselves responsible—which I do not believe—for breaking, in a panic, a lecture engagement of four weeks' standing, then they are unlike any other university students I have ever met, and the outlook for American liberalism, and still more for feminism, is black when they reach responsible position. The Madison business men, in a spirit of tolerant inquiry such as is commonly and mistakenly supposed to exist in universities, invited me to address their club after my appearance in the town.

Some students are reported to have draped the free speech tablet on the campus in mourning. But possibly they were women?

New York City. Dora Russell.

A Correction

SIR: In your February 22 issue covering editorial on page 3, "Plutocracy and Corruption," you refer in different places in the article to "Continental Oil Company" in place of "Continental Trading Company." As you have made an erroneous statement, I am sure you will make the necessary correction in your next issue and give it the same important position in your magazine.

Denver, Colorado. G. F. Smith.

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Aldous Huxley

Proper Studies, by Aldous Huxley. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 349 pages. $2.50.

MR. HUXLEY has won a certain position amongst the younger writers of modern England, and this book seems to offer itself as a suitable subject for examination of his claim to a wider recognition. The work of this frivolous, earnest, and brilliant intellectual who "has science in his blood" is full of provoking contradictions. He is extremely difficult "to place." I began, for example, reading this handbook of modern ideas with the most lively interest. His method of writing seemed genuine, and his conclusions convincing, but by the time I put the book down, I found myself experiencing the curious sensation of disenchantment, of spiritual withering, that comes over one after leaving a company of promising young men who at the end of an evening reveal themselves as being, after all, more interested in their last whiskey and soda than in the knotted subjects under discussion. His cleverness is his damnation. His is the worst kind of cleverness, a cleverness that dangerously approximates to that most pernicious form of verbal insincerity known as the Oxford manner. In London at the present time it is almost impossible to find a young man of letters who is willing to talk simply and seriously on any matter of interest. Always there must be projected into the conversation some disconcerting society note, smart, cynical, derisive, hard. To be allowed to enjoy natural conversation, that high privilege of minds truly civilized, must be regarded as a circumstance fortunate and rare.

In our uninstructed innocence we gave our minds eagerly to Mr. Huxley's reasoning. Without misgiving we suffered our judgment to be influenced by his clear style and logic and then, just when we were feeling complete assurance in his leadership, and allegiance to his personality, suddenly we found ourselves betrayed by one of those all too familiar turns of "Oxford vulgarity."

"Proper Studies" does not claim to contribute anything original to the vexed questions it reviews. It represents a kind of summary of the scientific, psychological, and philosophical notions that chiefly prevail in our generation. In the selection and presentation of them, however, it does reflect the mind of the author, which is, except for the kind of lapses to which I shall presently refer, keen and enlightened.

Perhaps his most interesting pages have to do with religion. He himself defines that beautiful and hungry emotion as "a state of awe in face of the mysteries and immensities of the world." He deplores, as well he may, the substitution of semi-materialistic religions for the true ecstasy that has its source in the spirit. He observes, for example, the ideal of "good business" raising its bleak head in the garden of the ancient pieties, and this drear apparition, so ubiquitous in our modern world, causes him to question whether religion really represents a recurring need in the human mind. "The modern apostles of commerce are trying to persuade people to accept business as a substitute for religion. Money-making, they assert, is a spiritual act; efficiency and common honesty are a service to humanity." Mr. Huxley, with good justice, will have nothing to do with such blasphemies. Himself a congenital free-thinker, "a moderately extraverted intellectual," he knows well what it is to go out into the wilderness to commune with God! The spiritual instability of those who have sold their lives to "the bitch-goddess Success" is every day apparent. At the first note of tragedy, their efficacy has gone. "The briefest slump" is sufficient to turn their minds to bitterness or sentimentality. Indeed, employment in the service of the Goddess requires that her devotees should undergo a species of "spiritual self-mutilation" as deliberate as it is deadly. He sees clearly that to a growing majority of young men the aim of life has become identified with the ambition to gain social prestige through acquired wealth. To a large extent education has been prostituted to aid and abet this singularly uninspired purpose. "An upbringing in commercial surroundings, coupled with the need to earn a living, will predispose a man to set up the making of money as the end of life, and to use all his intelligence to achieve that end." It never enters the heads of these unfortunates that knowledge, that disinterested higher learning, is alone able to enrich the experience of their days, and render their commonplace existences deep and exciting. Outside its diurnal activities the religion of business offers no coherent explanation of the universe; "in times of trouble it cannot console; it compensates no miseries; its ideals are too quickly realizable—they open the door to cynicism and indifference."

Mr. Huxley has a serious quarrel with the conventional methods of education. He reiterates the arguments that favor the more modern theories. "All official systems of education," he asserts, "are systems for pumping the same knowledge by the same methods into radically different minds." He is enthusiastic about the Dalton schools. "Children should learn as the human race learned; they should set out from the immediate and the concrete to discover the abstract, the general, and the remote."

It is interesting to note that he is not without his own prejudices and preconceptions. We detect in this book, above and beyond his naïve confidence in scientific progress, a certain puritanism which it is difficult to reconcile with his role of a disillusioned and detached philosopher. "Where beauty is worshiped for beauty's sake as a Goddess, independent of and superior to morality and philosophy, the most horrible putrefaction is apt to set in." He inveighs against Marcel Proust. "There is a strange moral poverty about his book." He recoils from the pretty, playful ways of modern young people who, so he asserts grimly, "copulate with the casual promiscuousness of dogs." The following sentence to me is revealing. "A scientific voluptuary of the emotions, Proust seems to have had no ambition to do more than know himself; the idea of using his knowledge in order to make himself better never seems to have occurred to him." Surely the unmoral implication of Proust's mood is what we value most in his work. His secret of life, in a world where all is shifting and uncertain, lay in the cultivation of a heightened consciousness, and to many another wise man's son this metaphysic has been found to be sufficient. Have we escaped, like so many brisk goats, from the grave categorical imperatives of our fathers, to find this new herdsman, lean, languid, derisive, and overgrave, following close after our emancipated, tufted tails that we have only in these latter days been permitted to flick freely in the sunlight?

As we might expect, Mr. Huxley is strongly in favor of government by an aristocracy. In many shrewd sentences he exposes the fallacies of the democratic ideal. In his opinion, it would be far better if we were content to be ruled by "a strong, intelligent and active minority." The people of democratic countries are at the mercy of windbags and corrupt politicians. "The demagogue is a low type of leader who can persuade men to follow him, but cannot distinguish a good road from a bad road." He is

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probably perfectly right, though I suspect that a theoretic government by the people, however dishonestly applied, does somehow or other manage to advance the cause of "that ancient war of all peoples on all sovereigns," better than any other kind of rule. Mr. Huxley regards those who are in authority over us with a rueful eye. "The over-taught child is the father of the newspaper-reading, advertisement-believing, propaganda-swallowing, demagogue-led man—the man who makes modern democracy the farce it is." These, then, are our rulers, these "dim, incurious people, not desiring knowledge." "A twentieth century material civilization cannot be worked by people whose minds are predominantly medieval or even prehistoric . . . compared with Western science, Western politics and morals are rudimentary."

There is so much of what is admirable in Mr. Huxley's teaching, and the value of a mind as acute and honest as his is so great, that we hesitate to expose those faults that render it impossible for us to accept him with whole-hearted confidence. It is not enough to call oneself jesting Pilate, one's jests must be upheld by the same sense of style that distinguished the old, proud Roman. I am well aware that the sentences I am about to quote are of a nature that especially appeals to the readers of modern journalism; unfortunately this does not prevent them from being both trivial and banal. "Most people at the present time have no religion, only a substitute or surrogate, which stands to religion in the relation of custard powder to eggs, and roasted corn to coffee." And again, "A bilious philosopher's opinion of the world can only be accepted with a pinch of salt, of Epsom salt by preference." The last sentence of the book reads: "One day, perhaps, the earth will have been turned into one vast feather-bed, with man's body dozing on top of it and his mind underneath, like Desdemona smothered." Can there be any wonder that we feel no great trust in the artistic integrity of this young man? To be able to end his volume with a sentence of that kind is like a choir boy turning from his intoned *credo* to flip a pellet at his neighbor. Its pointless, popular facetiousness must leave the imagination of any sensitive reader outraged. Such writing is not humorous, is not philosophical, and it certainly has nothing to do with literature.

LLEWELYN POWYS.

A Suggested Road to Plenty

The Road to Plenty, by William T. Foster and Waddill Catchings. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.

Buying Power of Labor and Post-War Cycles, by Asher Achinstein. New York: Columbia University Press. $3.

"THE ROAD TO PLENTY" contains the suggestion for a solution of the problem stated by Messrs. Foster and Catchings in their former books, "Money," "Profits" and "Business without a Buyer." It is written in the form of a conversation on a Pullman car, which aims to give in colloquial terms the substance of their diagnosis of the industrial-depression disease, as well as the cure. This praiseworthy attempt to popularize an important economic subject makes the book rather difficult reading for anyone accustomed to systematic presentation, for it is so halting, diffused and broken up by the arts of fiction. It is to be hoped that the loss thus incurred will be compensated by a wider interest.

The Foster-Catchings analysis, it will be remembered, attributes industrial depressions to a growth of production at a faster rate than the growth of the purchasing power in the hands of the ultimate consumers of goods. The discrepancy between the total value of the goods produced and the amount of money distributed by industrial concerns to the possible consumers thereof arises, the authors believe, because of the money savings which are not spent for consumable goods, but are used to enlarge production. How, then, can business revivals and prosperity ever occur? The answer to this question furnishes the cue to the remedy proposed. Construction of new productive facilities, often financed by enlarged credit rather than by actual savings, distributes large amounts of new purchasing power, which can be spent by consumers before the goods to be made by the new equipment arrive on the markets. Thus credit expansion distributes money to consumers in such a way as to make up the deficiency caused by saving.

The authors see that too much credit expansion for the creation of new facilities, or credit expansion at the wrong time, is inadvisable because it enlarges demand too much, and thus brings about rising prices and inflation. What they propose is to prevent both inflation and deflation by more control of new capital expenditure and its credit basis, so that it can be used as a stimulus when necessary, and withheld when inflation begins to appear.

This control would require more adequate information than we now have about current retail prices, consumers' incomes, the value of products, and new investment. Such information could be used, in the first instance, by a federal board which should be charged with the duty of pushing or retarding government expenditures according to the need revealed. Since the government is one of our largest investors, and distributes more income than any other employer, this would in itself have a considerable steadying effect. The confidence thus created, and a general understanding of the project, would lead business concerns to follow suit, in their own interest.

One does not need to accept the intricate theory of Messrs. Foster and Catchings in its entirety, or even to believe that their analysis reveals the principal cause of industrial depressions, in order to see that the remedy they propose would probably have a salutary effect. Control of expenditures for public works in order to mitigate unemployment has been urged many times before. It would be of equal benefit, whether the source of depressions be found in deficiency of consumer income, lack of business confidence, alternations of volume in new capital enterprises, or almost any of the other assigned causes for the cycle. Certainly there is much to be gained by intelligent control of governmental and other capital expenditures.

Mr. Achinstein, in "The Buying Power of Labor and Post-War Cycles," makes the sort of statistical analysis of the facts which is necessary in order to judge the validity of the Foster-Catchings hypothesis. A careful study of pay-rolls, prices, production and so on, in the two cycles experienced between 1919 and 1925 in the United States, may reveal whether it is a fact that value of production rises faster than consumers' purchasing power before a depression, and whether, if so, there are signs that this is the chief cause of the depression. All the facts available furnish inconclusive evidence on these points. We have to remember, for instance, that manufacturing wage-earners make up but two-fifths of all the employees in the country. It is likewise dangerous to generalize from only two cycles. There are many factors which can only be estimated. Nevertheless, Mr. Achinstein's excellent study seems to show that in the 1919-1922 cycle, the value of products did rise faster than consumers' purchasing power, and he

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believes it likely that this fact was an important cause of the depression, whereas in the 1923-1925 cycle, no such phenomenon can be discovered, and the slump of 1924 appears to have been due to other causes.

GEORGE SOULE.

Silver Sounds and Laws on Stone

Little Henrietta, by Lizette Woodworth Reese. New York: George H. Doran Company. 51 pages. $1.50.

Steep Ascent, by Jean Starr Untermeyer. New York: The Macmillan Company. 57 pages. $1.25.

MISS REESE continues to astonish us. At the age of seventy-one, a time of life when most poets have ceased to write altogether or are but feebly repeating themselves, she has produced one of her most remarkable books, a long poem which perhaps marks an artistic advance over anything she has previously done. "Little Henrietta" is written in blank-verse stanzas of ten lines each, of which the sixth line, however, has only three feet. Miss Reese has apparently invented this stanza form herself, and her use of the Elizabethan half-close in a fashion so different from the Elizabethan has a novel charm. The freshness of Miss Reese's colors seems incapable of fading:

> By the peeling fence
> Our dahlias lighted a flat scarlet blaze.
>
> The dusk stretched all about,
> Laburnum-colored, hot.

What seems to me more effective than either the pathos or the religious feeling of "Little Henrietta" is its exquisite rendering of special sensations—a rendering which has rarely been surpassed by those younger modern poets who have made these fugitive and complex impressions their particular business. She writes thus of an old house:

> Set in its years as in a mist of rain
> At edge of twilight, when a narrow sound,
> Silver in silver air,
> Pricks through each crack of the short, half-lit hour,
> Such was its look, and with that look was bound
> That of dim, fast-kept Aprils, crowded close,
> At every chimney, and about each door.

A rainy day after the death of the child:

> A day of rain that ended in a wind,
> The village turned a wild and silver place,
> The west to pink like a drenched mallow bloom.
> In a few orchards apples thudded down,
> Heaping their blunt gold in the dark, soaked grass.
> And every hurt of heart
> The years had dealt, and that last hurt of all
> Gnawed through the high, sad dripping of the spouts
> Down through the very texture of each thought,
> And left us naked by a churchyard wall.

What is most remarkable about Jean Starr Untermeyer is the peculiar shading and force of her style. Miss Reese works in softest water-color; but Mrs. Untermeyer is all dark and light, and her verse is splintered and hard. I believe that Mrs. Untermeyer's style is classically Hebraic: she has always seemed to me one of the few Jewish writers who have successfully preserved in a modern language something of the authentic austerity of Jewish literature, and I am reminded by her poems of what Renan has said of *"la vieille langue hébraïque, instrument aristocratique si merveilleux pour exprimer la poésie, les sentiments de l'âme, la passion. . . . Ces tours absolus, roides, sans nuances—cette langue où tout est blanc ou noir, soleil ou ténèbres."* She herself has written:

> Ours a race whose laws on stone
> Burn into our flesh and bone.

And the strength and interest of her poetry seem to me to derive from the survival in it of those fierce and austere habits of thinking and feeling.

E. W.

A Modern Titan

Bismarck, The Story of a Fighter, by Emil Ludwig. Translated from the German by Eden and Cedar Paul. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 661 pages. $5.

Bismarck, The Trilogy of a Fighter, by Emil Ludwig. Three Plays: King and People (1862-1864); Union (1870); Dismissal (1890). New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 405 pages. $3.50.

EARLY in his career, while still at the journeyman stage, Herr Ludwig undertook to distinguish between the tasks of the dramatist and the psychological biographer. Interested in both kinds of expression, he declared that while the dramatist must aim at "the illusion of reality," the psychologist should, *via* the acts, wishes and motives of his subject, penetrate to the central core, the indivisible soul. If the two works here reviewed are to be tested by this standard, it may be sweepingly asserted that the author is as little apt for drama as he is amazingly endowed for vivacious and illuminating portraiture. Without question, the trilogy of three plays dealing with Bismarck only faintly reflects the palpitating world of which Bismarck was the center. The diplomatic and parliamentary circles in which the action takes place stubbornly refuse to become animated, while the towering Bismarck, himself but half-alive, fails to communicate the Promethean spark to the cardboard figures which surround him. That, in view of this failure at drama, the biography should succeed in setting forth the Prussian statesman with a power whose grip never weakens might cause surprise, if we were ever permitted to forget how capriciously the gods distribute their gifts. In his presentation of Bismarck, no whit less effectively than in his portraits of Napoleon and William II that have gone before, Ludwig brilliantly illustrates his own literary formula, and by means of copious selections from letters, speeches, and conversations, transformed by a running comment into a continuous Bismarckian monologue, he brings us, exactly as he proposed, face to face with the secret soul of his subject.

The mainspring of that soul, as he found it, Ludwig sets forth at once in his subtitle: the story of a fighter. Not an ordinary fighter, mind you, but one who was a genius at fighting. There are many kinds of genius, the artist genius, the philosopher genius, the discoverer genius, the soldier genius. Bismarck was none of these. Prompted to struggle ceaselessly against circumstance, he proved himself one to whom combat, waged not in Berserker fury but with the diversified tools of the mind, was both meat and drink. The world thinks of him as a statesman, and a statesman he was according to the simple classifications of the census-taker. But beneath the statesman's mask

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lay in half-shadow the face of the primordial man, and what at all times moved this man was an instinctive resistance to the pressures which threatened to reduce him to subjection. Incarnate will, he could go under in a struggle, he could not submit. And as he fought, he mobilized each day anew his spiritual forces, courage, pride, hate, ambition, together with the swiftness and cunning of an exceptional intelligence. Wherefore his life, extended to a patriarchal term of over eighty years, moved in a perpetually recurring cycle thus: an obstacle, thrown across his path, rouses him to instantaneous battle; as fresh obstacles pile up he strikes ever fiercer blows until, with glowing face and heaving breast, he stands at last in the breach his sword has cut; then, instead of *Te Deums* and happy rest from labor, disillusionment and black misanthropy oppress his restless heart until he discovers a new enemy and inaugurates a new combat. There is nothing tender, appealing or lovable about Bismarck, not a trace of anything a sentimentalist or humanitarian can hug to his bosom and wax tearful over. He was an independent, two-fisted, and elemental individualist who, without ever having more than casually heard about Darwin, instinctively acted on the conviction that conflict is the law of life imposed by the unknown god to the end of separating the fit from the unfit. When, after his retirement—he was nearing eighty—his oldest friend, Keyserling, suggested that he might now aim at a Greek mode of life, he retorted pugnaciously: Why should I be harmonious? And yet the interest of the spectator in the battle-scarred veteran never flags, for the simple reason that he conducts his wars with such supreme and heroic zest. For it is, frankly, as a hero that the Junker-politician is staged by the impresario, Ludwig, and on that best of grounds: that heroes and geniuses, only rarely servants of mankind and never, in any bourgeois sense, good men, are magnified individuals who rightfully impose themselves on a world of pygmies by their exceptional dimensions. Genius may be difficult to define, but it is always exuberance of life and power, and needs no justification outside itself.

Consistently pursuing his single purpose, Ludwig attempts no appraisement of Bismarck's role in history. He leaves that to the historian, who deals with situations and forces, and in recent years, under the influence of the natural sciences, has inclined more and more to minimize the share of even the greatest individuals in human happenings. Furthermore, as the modern historian has, in every case, a more or less definite social philosophy, he must, if he happens to notice the individual at all, attempt to rate his contribution to the social movement; in other words, whether casually or of set design, he pronounces judgment on him. More than anything else, it is its freedom from such necessarily partisan evaluation, it is its essential amoralism which puts the Ludwig book, certainly not to its disadvantage, out of the category of history into that of creative literature. But let no one imagine that behind this moral indifference there is not a working philosophy of life, and one, moreover, of a peculiarly advanced order. Without ever renouncing his general delight in genius, or letting his joy be dimmed in the particular genius whom he has evoked from the dead, the author makes it perfectly clear that his undaunted fighter was largely engaged in enterprises immediately or remotely damaging to the people whom he supposed himself to be serving. The *Kulturkampf*, the anti-socialist law, the exaggeration of the power of the crown were shortsighted measures predoomed to failure. Even in the foreign field, a domain in which Bismarck was considered an unapproached master in his day, it was he who took the perilous step of compromising the future of Germany by tying it to the tottering edifice of the Hapsburg monarchy. But if the great chancellor fought tooth and nail for every item of his program, he was also a thinker who, in speculative moods, was fully prepared to do justice to the opposite side. Rarely, in fact, was there a man more free from petty prejudices. Especially after his dismissal, he was tortured by savage doubts, which multiplied till, with perfect clarity, he saw all the weaknesses of his political handiwork. Was it only his aversion for William II that made him so sure that imperial Germany would perish? If so, at least his vision of her eventual resurrection was free from every tinge of animosity, free, too, from every one of the Junker traditions in which his life was rooted, for the new-risen Germany, he declared, must needs be a republic.

FERDINAND SCHEVILL.

Before Damascus

Paul: the Jew, by the Author of "By an Unknown Disciple." New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.

SOMEWHERE on the road to Damascus, something is supposed to have happened to Saul of Tarsus—a sort of Eucharistic transubstantiation by which the bread and wine of his Judaism was turned into the body and blood of Christianity. Ever since, minds have been exercised as to what actually occurred there—the psychology of that miracle which changed Saul the Pharisee into Paul the apostle. Personally, I have always wondered whether a miracle was really necessary in this case. A change of soul such as, for instance, the metamorphosis of the dissolute gallant of Assisi into St. Francis, is, indeed, in the nature of a miracle. But with Paul, what happened was not so much a change of soul as a change of opinion. Paul changed his mind, and the fact is, no doubt, of profound historical importance; but so far as his subsequent activities would indicate, there is no reason for supposing that the apostle was a whit less dogmatic, intolerant, and zealous than the Pharisee. As for his sudden conversion, a generation which has witnessed socialist presidential nominees mysteriously transmuted into National Security League speakers can accept it without miraculous reinforcement.

Some such heresy as this must have lurked in the otherwise devout mind of the anonymous author of "Paul: the Jew." Retracing Paul's steps backward from Damascus, she arrives at a premise that is psychologically provocative, whatever may be said against it historically. It is the idea that the apostolic fervor of Paul, and particularly his passion for spreading his gospel to the Gentiles, far from having been suddenly born on the road to Damascus, was a direct continuation of his labors as a Jew. She envisages a Jewish missionary antedating the Christian apostle. And such a picture is easily evoked. Brought up in a Gentile city at a time when the empire was in a state of religious flux, Paul could not shut his eyes to the existence of the rest of the world as readily as his Palestinian co-religionists. It is not surprising that the Jew in him, laboring under the humiliating realization of the pettiness of the Jewish world in the greater outer world, took refuge in grandiose dreams of converting the empire to Judaism. With such notions in his head, it is obvious that he would feel himself crossed in his labors by the new sect, and his trip to Damascus is thus plausibly framed.

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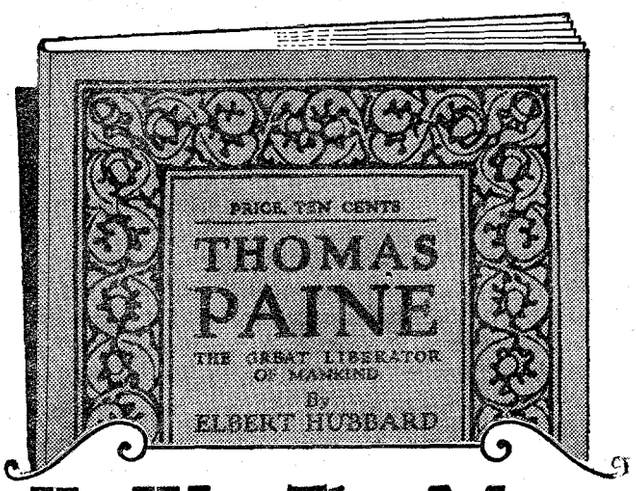

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There are a couple of blind spots in this vision of Paul—inconsistencies that could have been better explained had the author not seen fit to let her book degenerate into a religious polemic. After the shortcomings of Judaism and the advantages of Christianity are transparently demonstrated, it is somewhat of a shock to take leave of Paul "yet breathing out threatening and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord."

What the author has failed to take into account sufficiently is that there was still another Paul—not only Paul the Jew and Paul the Christian, but Paul the Roman—an assimilated citizen of the Empire, proud of his Roman citizenship. It is my guess that on the road to Damascus the eventful conflict between the Jew and the Christian was decided by the unobtrusive intervention of the Roman.

ALTER BRODY.

Bad Language

Menckeniana: A Schimpflexikon. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 132 pages. $2.50.

THIS is an anthology of abusive comments on H. L. Mencken. Some of them are quite funny: for example, the damning epithet of Mr. Samuel R. Guard, broadcasting over WLS: "I will content myself with the bald statement that he is a weasel"; the indignation of De Mortuis Nil Nisi Bonum, in the Chicago Tribune, over some unfavorable criticism of Robert Louis Stevenson: "I feel satisfied that Mencken is the type of man that would take great pleasure in telling the tiny tots on Christmas Eve that Santa Claus is a fake and a delusion"; and the speculation of Billy Sunday: "Mencken? Mencken? I never heard of him, but he's just some cheap jack who's trying to get a reputation by attacking me." They haven't, however, quite the ironic value of, say, the British abuse of Ibsen included by Shaw in "The Quintessence of Ibsenism"; because Mencken is himself one of the most abusive writers now alive and there is nothing incongruous or surprising in the extravagance of the terms in which his victims denounce him. The worst insults and the most uncouth language to be found in this collection may all be matched, I believe, from the works of the Master.

E. W.

Fiction Notes

The Way Things Are, by E. M. Delafield. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.

MISS DELAFIELD'S ironic detachment is as refreshing as a glass of good ale after months of bad cocktails. The motto for her book was either a very lucky find or a flash of genius. "I left the room with silent dignity, but caught my foot in the mat." Laura and her domestic appendages—husband, children and servants—wander back and forth before us in the guise of every-day. And we are not bored. Amused, annoyed, sympathetic—but not bored. Well, hardly ever. In the attempt to avoid things-as-they-aren't, the story does not always keep an even keel: at first this household warfare is presented in an almost too amusing light; and by the end we see them settled down to a routine just this side of dreary. As things are, such a story can have no proper finish: the last page for us is but the beginning of another week for them. The only gesture the author ever permits herself is in the nature of a slight shrug, or raising her hands, only to let them fall back in her lap. And never once do we suspect that Miss Delafield has any dull axes concealed about her person, or the smallest bee in her sensible bonnet.

November Night, by the author of "Miss Tiverton," and "This Day's Madness." Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.50.

WRITTEN with a good deal of charm, perfumed with a certain sageness and fidelity to worldly wisdom, "November Night" yet leaves a distinct and unpleasant after-taste of propaganda. The scene is post-war England, and the protagonists are the individualist Denise and Horace, her self-made husband, whom she has married for his money. The ill-concealed allegory is the struggle for her loyalty between the solid virtue of her husband and the sinister cleverness of her brother. The story by itself might command our sympathy, had the author been able to refrain from emphasizing hers. As it is, however, we shall lay it away in the file which contains Tarkington's "Plutocrat." Unless we have seriously misjudged her, the author will not mind that.

The Legend Called Meryom, by Joseph Gaer. New York: William Morrow and Company. $2.50.

MR. GAER has wisely confined his parable to the title. His story itself is severely straight—the life of a Jewish girl in a Russian-Jewish village—and it is only as we remind ourselves of the title that we realize what the author means to infer. The life of a Jewish community in Russia would seem as alien as possible to life in Iowa or Surrey; but the author's indirection is successful, for when we close the book we feel that we have been watching a microcosm, a reflection of that activity which is common to man everywhere, and of which only the superficial details ever vary. The tale he has to tell is a sad one, and there are aspects of it both more depressing and more exciting which he does not touch on—but at least he has succeeded in persuading us that his legend is universal.

T. S. MATTHEWS.

Contributors

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J. M. KEYNES, editor of the Economic Journal (London), is the author of "Economic Consequences of the Peace," "Monetary Reform," and other books.

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LLOYD LEWIS has been on the staffs of several Chicago newspapers, and is an occasional contributor to magazines.

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ALTER BRODY is the author of a book of verse, "A Family Album," and of "Lamentations," a collection of American-Jewish folk-plays to be published next fall.

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